Tyabandha Journal of Arts and Science

ISSN 1744–9669

Volume 6, Number 1

January 2009

Edited by Vaen Sryayudhya

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England
20th February, 2008

Distribution
Internet-searchable world-wide

The Lanna Pentalogy, Part V

The Siamese Lanna

Kit Tyabandha, PhD

We live on Vijyạnond̀ Road, next to the Vrọros Market and on the opposite side of the Tôǹlaṃyai Market. This is *Nobb̥urị Śrị Nagaurbingg Jiangmhăị*, usually known as *Jiangmhăị* or Viangbingġ, now in the northern part of Daiï.

Mangrạï(or Mengrạï, d. 1317) the Great built this city in 1296 as the capital of his kingdom *Lāṇṇạ*. He was the son of Meng and had ruled the Hiraññàgaur Ngoenyạng in 1259. He united the *Lāṇṇạ* Kingdom, built Jiangrạï in 1262, and in 1278 moved to Fhạng.

For decades the Daiï people called the culture of this area Lạnnạ, which literally means the *plain of paddy-fields*. Later those who knew pointed out to them that it was not *lạn* but *lāṇ*, and so the true name means instead *a million rice-fields*.

The Mangrạï Dynasty reigned in this region for two centuries before it fell into the hands of the Burmese in 1558. After *Tạksin* the Great had driven these away in 1774, the kingdom became Sïam's. During Rama I's reign it was a *pradẹśrạj* (colony), in Rama V's reign it became a *moṇḍol* (prefecture), and in Rama VII a *cangvhaḍ́* (province).

The oldest temple within the city wall, the *vaḍ́* (temple) Jiangmàn, was built in the same year that the city was founded. Also built during his reign is the Umọngġ Temple which is to the west of the city towards the Sudẹb Mountain.

Around 1281 Mangrạï captured *Laṃbụn*, that is Hribhụñjaï, and handed it over to one of his officers, Ậïfā̱, to rule. He then built a town to the northeast, where he remained for two years before building another town near the bank of the Ping River in 1283 and called it *viang* (city) Kumkạm. This town now lies a few kilometres to the southeast of the present city *Jiangmhăị*.

When he built the *Nobb̥urị Śrịnagaurbingg Jiangmhăị* he consulted it over

with Ròang (Ṛamgamhạeng) in Sukhọdaï and Ngaṃmuang in Bayao. The building of the town took 4 months to complete.

Lạ̄nnạ had two dynasties. † The Mengṛaï Dynasty comprises Mengṛaï who reigned during 1258–1317; Jaïsonggṛam, 1317–1327; Sạenfụ, 1327–1334; Gaṃfụ, 1334–1345; Phạyụ, 1345–1367; Kụenạ, 1367–1388; Sạenmuangmạ, 1388–1411; Sạmfhăngkạen, 1411–1442; Tilọkṛaj, 1442–1487; Yaudjiangṛaï, 1487–1495; Muangkạ̀eö, 1495–1525; Muangkẹ̀sklào, 1525–1538, and 1543–1545; Drạïgaṃ, 1538–1543; Cirprabhạmahạdẹvị, 1545–1546; Jaïïjẹ̀sṭhạdhiṛaj, 1546–1548; and Mẹkuṭi, 1558. Then the kingdom fell and was ruled by the Burmese until 1774.

Then with the founding of Ḅạngkauk the Burmese were expelled from the north and the Dibcakr Dynasty was established. It has as kings Kạvila who ruled during 1782–1813; Darrmlankạ, 1813–1821; Gaṃfhân, 1821–1824; Buddhvongśx, 1824–1846; Mahọtṛpradẹś, 1846–1853; Kạvilọros Suriyạvongśx, 1853–1870; Indṛạvijyạnond, 1870–1896; Indṛạ Vṛọrossuriyạvongśx, 1902–1909; and Kàeö Nạvraṭh, 1909–1939.

Lìam is one of our servants and my nurse. She looks after me. She takes me to the kindergarten where one evening I see a large spider the size of my outspread hand. It lives in the hole underground. I think it is deadly also, but it does not like killing people.

Today it stands here in full view on the ground. It seems to be at lost and walks cautiously about. A crowd gathers and follows it everywhere.

There are also the bees. We call it *phùenglhoang* (*Apis dorsata*). They always build their hive in high places, for example under a branch of the *tòn yoanphùeng* (*Kompassia alaccensis)*, *tòn yạng* (*Dipterocarpus tuberculatus* or *D. alatus*), or underneath the tank that sits on top of the water tower.

The bees are to the farmers like what the royal albatross is to the seamen. They are particularly important in a horticultural farm, since they help carrying the pollen from the stamen to the stigma, thereby making the yields more fruitful.

Other types of bee include *phùeng brọng* (*A. cerana*) and *phùeng mīm* (*A. florea*).

† Compare, Aruṇ Vẹjsuvarrṇ. *Bra Rạjjạyạ Cào Ḍạṛạraśmị kaḅ kạr roam họamuang bhạg nhụa*. Aruṇ Vidyạ. 2000.

The nectar gathered from the flowers is kept inside the honey bag which is connected to the oesophagus, and then metabolised by an enzyme in the bee's stomach. The glucose and fructose are changed into inverted sugars, that is the levulose and dextrose. This happens in the air while the bee is on its way back to the hive.

Bees are also bred in movable-comb hive where there are slots into which you insert the frames containing the artificial honeycombs. You can rear the *phùeng broṇg* or *phùeng bandhu* (*A. mellifera*), not Phùeng Lhoang, which is wild.

The best thing to do when collecting the hive of wild bee is to only drive away using smoke the bees from the end of the hive which has the honey. The usual practice of burning the whole hive is horrendous and will soon put the future of the species in jeopardy. I cannot imagine the world without these bee-hives. It probably would look too city-like, less a place to live and die in.

I always have trouble when I wake up, of finding where I am and how I come to be sleeping there. I often go to bed with my head towards one direction only to wake up and find that it points towards another, and not the least often the opposite one.

Nothing is like sleeping when you are young. You become oblivion for ten hours and need to reconcile with yourself upon coming to.

And there is never a lack of dreams, and these dreams are more adventurous and memorable than your waking life. The trouble is, who knows why you always forget them. Sometimes I wake up and miss my dream so badly that I try to get back to sleep again to be in it again. Usually this is possible if you are quick enough, but sometimes these latter part of the dream is half a dream and half an imagination because you are half awake and half asleep. At times the dream and the self seem almost inseparable the one from the other, were it not for the element of absurdities normally found only in the case of the former.

There are on average around 56 students in each class at the primary school. I never study but always find myself among the first five of my class in my study. Then I begin to study more decently, but still manage only second or third.

By contrast, *Ṣẹm* always comes first, not only among his classmates but also in all the classes. Sadly he is not doing this well in the sec-

ondary school and university's levels. It could be that our childhood self moves from the conscious into the subconscious realm of our brain, as a consequence of which we become a different person from the child. I would rather not think that there is anything amiss in our educational system.

Whenever I need to make a decision my father always tells me to think for myself. 'Gûeḍ ao ẹ̀ǹg', that is *think for yourself* he would say.

Sometimes I silently disapprove with this saying of his. 'Well, tell me what I should do,' I would think, 'What do you expect me to make up my own mind? I am only a child!'

But I never say this out loud of course. Freedom is something you never decline. Anyway when you are of my age your life seems to stretch infinitely before you, as though you shall never die let alone grow old.

All lives are tragedy, no matter whether we think of them individually or collectively, for instance when we consider a person, a society or culture. It is only if you think in terms of the whole universe that it begins to become comprehensible and even harmonious.

The first classical music I listen to is Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 (1808) in C minor. One day I went to a record shop on our street and asked the owner to suggest some classical music for me to listen to. He recorded the said song together with Schubert's Unfinished Symphony on to a tape cassette which I brought back and listen to.

Listening to the Fifth Symphony I imagine the knocking on the door announcing the onset of deafness. Then comes the violin passage which rushes around, trying to escape from the hands of Fate, then the pastoral stroll in nature after which a conciliation becomes possible when he accepts and joins hands with faith.

With Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827) the Romantic movement in music began. He also lifts the status of a composer from being a mere servant to aristocrats and audiences to that of a creating philosopher, author and artist. At one party of aristocrats one among the audiences did not keep his silence and behave, so he stopped playing and said, 'I do not play for such swine'. I have been searching for some time what it is he actually said in German.

He influences numerous later composers, for example Ferencz Liszt (1811–1886) and Wagner.

It is true, at least in the case of Franz Peter Schubert (1797–1828), that those who gods love die young. He lived to be thirty-one but has given the world an amazing amount of repertoire than one could dare imagine possible. With his *Lieder* (songs) he single-handedly starts off the long chain of songs which, though become less fervent now, could never possibly die. Example of composers who carry on this song tradition are Johannes Brahms (1833–1897), Claude Debussy (1862–1918), Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924), Edvard Grieg (1843–1907), Gustav Mahler (1860–1911), Robert Schumann (1810–1856) and Hugo Wolf (1860–1903).

There is another Franz Schubert (1808–1878), a violinist who is generally mentioned only in order not to confuse him for his namesake. Even his *L'Abeille* (the bee) is now thought to be written by the other Schubert.

We move into our new house in Santidharrm, and from here everyday commute to our shop in town. The new place is outside the town and in a rather deserted area. There are only three identical houses in the whole area, surrounded by *maiïṛaḥ* (*Mimosa pudica*). This must be the best weed in the world, for it is so tough and aggressive, and it has hideous thorns.

Despite the marsh which surrounds us on all sides, the ground of our house is dry like a desert and the house looks puny, the parquet on the floor artificial, and the outward appearance totally void of characters.

Within months after we move in my father changes all this. First he has the front balcony extended to make a decent garage underneath. Then he has the whole place repainted. The fences need to go up and the bars are fitted into every door and window. We need these latter later several times. He also gets himself a gun, and we would need this too.

If a thief comes to our house, my father would fire the thing up to the sky. If he comes in front, he will do this from the back of the house in order not to risk having to shoot or exchange fire with him in case he should have a gun. Normally the thief would know then that it is time to leave. I used to imagine myself shooting with a thief like a cowboy.

A year or two later the YMCA moves to the plot of land behind us. Their high buildings soon deprives us the view of the Sudẹb mountain. Then they put the car park behind us. But with them we feel more secure, and people come and build their houses all around here.

My favourite singer is John Denver, and my favourite song his *Country Road*.

The books I like are the light novel series known as the *Bol, Nikaur, Kimnghoan* from the names of the characters in them who are friends, whose life together is at the same time adventurous, fun, funny and peaceful. They are written by P Indpạlit. These are in a way similar to the *Harry Potter* that we have now, but I still prefer the former even now because they have more to say.

When I have exhausted all the books in the *Bol, Nikaur, Kimnghoan* series, I turn to reading the *kaṃlangbhạïnaị* †

These books are originally written in Taiwan. There are two famous translators who translate them into Daiï, namely *N Nobrat̲n̲* and *V ṇa̲ Muanglung*, both names of which are a pseudonym. These novels are to a culture like our dreams to us.

Taiwan's Chinese had fought and lost the battles with the communists in the mainland China. Mentally they need to win and to vent their grief of the lost paradise through their works in the form of the world which they create in such a way that it upholds all the social values that they feel no longer exist in their beloved homeland.

Between the two translators mentioned I prefer NN to VM because the latter like to translate the more philosophical works, for example those by *Kọ̄ölẹ̄ng* which bore me at best and puzzle me otherwise.

I like those stories that NN translates where our protagonist is a boy of twelve whose family has perished by the hands of some powerful, hideous people. He somehow gets into a jungle and in a seemingly bottomless gorge. Here he meets a hermit who takes pity on him and

† Literally, 'internal power', that mythical and mystic power in our body and in nature that we can tap, harness and use. The idea has been used in the film Star Wars when, for example, Luke Skywalker's Jedi teacher lifts the spaceship from a bog, neither touching it nor with a crane, and in the Jedi's definition of *force* in general.

teaches him the way of the force.

At sixteen he says goodbye to his teacher to go after his family business and to save the world. With the force he has with him the superhuman ability whereby, for example, jumping three times without much effort he reaches the top of a mountain and so on.

O, my power of imagination is never again to be like what it is now when I am a child and reading the *Bol, Nikaur, Kimnghoan* and *Kaṃlangbhaïnaị*. I look at the cloud formation in the sky and see all sorts of thing there. When I read, the story becomes so vivid in my imagination that I often cannot put the book down, but keep reading on all night. As the result of this my eyesight quickly deteriorates.

At the moment no other leading actors command a higher regard than Alain Delon (b. 1935). As for Daiï actors, *Mitr Jaïḅañjạ* falls off the helicopter and dies while acting for a film which becomes his last. *Somḅati Mẹdiniị* is unassailable both as an actor and in all the films that he appears. *Saurbongg Jạtriị*, who is to become his successor in this respect, is yet to appear on the scene.

Daiï films faithfully follow the attitude and style of the Hollywood, and the main instrument and mean are shooting with mafias on the farms. I find books infinitely better than films. Those written by *P Indpạlit* are witty and amusing without being vulgar while those which *N Nobratn̲* translates give an endless source for the imagination.

I become interested in Astronomy and talk about it at school until Lhim and Siddhi, too, become interested in it. I read books on the subject and that of Cosmology in the library at the Jiangmhăị University, and I build my first telescope. It is only a refractive one, but I want also to grind my own mirror to make a reflector. I buy a convex lens from an optician who does not know its focal length, which I find by using it to gather the sunlight into a point on the ground to be three-quarters of a metre.

At home, *Dạ* helps me cut a plastic tube to the required length. The rings placed inside the telescope to keep the lens in its place are also made from plastic tubes. The distance from the objective lens to the eyepiece is approximately the focal length of the former. But the main body of the telescope is a little shorter than this to allow for the tube for the eyepiece.

Inside the telescope tube there are three light-stops made by cutting a circular hole in a piece of paper. The diameters of the holes are from the first stop $1^3/_8''$, $2''$and $2^5/_8''$respectively. The second stop is the main stop, and is placed in the middle of the tube.

You can also put a concave lens between your objective and eyepiece. I try this in my second telescope, but I prefer my first one better. To do this, you place at the distance α before the focal point of the objective the concave lens of focal length f. The new point of focus of the combination will be β where $\beta > \alpha$. Depending on what one has to begin with, then, $\beta = (m-1)f = (f\alpha)/(f-\alpha) = m\alpha$, $\alpha = \beta/m = f - f/m = f\beta/(f+\beta)$, $m = \beta/\alpha = f/(f-\alpha) = (\beta+f)/f$ and $f = m\alpha/(m-1) = \beta/(m-1) = \alpha\beta/(\beta-\alpha)$.

There are several types of eyepiece. The simple and most popular home-made one is called the symmetrical type, Kellner type 3 or Plössl. It is made by placing two identical plano-convex lenses symmetrically beside each other, such that their convex part are closest to each other.

Other types include both *ordinary* and corrected eyepieces, for example aspheric, Bertele, Erfle, Hastings, Huygens, Kellner, Mittenzwey-Abbe orthoscopic, orthoscope, Plössl, Ramsden, Steinheil and Tolles, some of which are divided into subtypes. Achromatic lenses can be used to correct the colours.

In both the Huygens and the Ramsden there are two plano-convex lenses. The only difference is that in the former these two lenses face towards the same direction, whereas in the latter they face each other. The lens closest to the eye is called the eye lens while the other one the field lens.

The Huygens eyepiece has good definition, especially at the centre, and is fully corrected for lateral colours. Apart from the lateral colour, the Ramsden eyepiece is better corrected than Huygens in all respect. Two of the variations in Huygens are the Huygens design, 4–3–2, and the Dolland, designated 3–2–1, the number showing the relative magnitude of respectively the field lens' focal length, the lens separation, and the eyes lens' focal length. The resulting focal length is then 8/3 and respectively 3/2.

The Stonehenge (Old English for *hanging stones*) is on the Salisbury Plain, 1.9 miles west of Amesbury in Wiltshire, England. It began as an earthwork circle and ditch around 3000 BC, and later developed into a

complex stone structure around 2100 BC.

Thirty upright sand stones with lintel stones on top formed a circle of approximately 100 feet in diameter. Within the sarsen peristyle were five more sarsen trilithons arranged in a horseshoe shape. A trilithon is two upright stones supporting a lintel stone on top.

The sandstone used for making these sarsens is local. Other circles, all concentric to one another, are bluestone relocated from the previous outer circles and were transported from the Prescelly Mountains, Pembrokeshire, Wales. Each of the uprights measures 18 by 7 feet and weigh some 26 tonnes.

Both this horseshoe and the opening of the ditch circle which encompasses the outermost sarsen circle open towards the direction of the midsummer sunrise. Continue this line further in the opposite direction and you have the midwinter sunset.

Nowhere in the universe can a harmony be more beautifully visualised than in binary stars. In a binary systems two stars revolve around their mutual centre of gravity. The two stars and their CG form a straight line at all time, but the length of this line and the distance from each of the stars to the CG periodically change.

Both stars reach their maximum separation when they exhaust their mutual momentum, approach each other until the minimum separation is reached where the orbital velocity of both is greatest and therefore the momentum, and then swing further apart like a coiled spring released until their momentum is exhausted again and so on. Because of their lateral velocity, the two stars run towards each other periodically but never collide.

It may be otherwise for men, but in science one simply value special cases less than one does general ones. A special case is only a curiosity while a general one can form a theory. From Einstein's Special Relativity and according to a stationary observer, the time increases exponentially with speed towards infinity, and so does the mass. The length, however, decreases according to the Fitzgerald contraction until it becomes zero at the velocity $v = c$.

This c is the speed of light and is never exceeded. Imagine two spaceships move away from the earth in directions opposite to each other at 95 per cent the speed of light. The speed of each spaceship as appear

to the other will be 99.9 per cent the light's speed.

All massive bodies deflect photons, but it only becomes obvious when their mass is great and concentrated. A black hole is by definition that body, or to be precise the collapsed body, which not only deflects but captures the photon.

If we concentrated a mass into a single point and imagine ourselves moving towards it, then at a point just inside the *photon sphere* all rays of light in the horizontal direction will go round and round the mass in circle, unable to escape. Between this photon sphere and the *event horizon* the light ray which goes directly away from the star and all the rays within the cone around it will escape while the rest is pulled towards the mass and thereby captured. This cone becomes more and more tapered until at the point just above the event horizon when it is reduced into a single line, when no light escapes unless it goes directly away from the mass.

In stars these event horizon and photon sphere normally lie within the surface and therefore pose no problems for an observer. At the extreme condition when they shrink under their own gravity until their radius lies within either one of these spheres, however, this will cease to be the case.

This singularity, the event horizon and the photon sphere make up what we call a Schwarzschild black hole.

Karl Schwarzschild calculated in 1916 the critical radius of an object below which nothing, not even light, may escape. This Schwarzschild radius is $r_s = 2Gm/c^2$, and for someone who weighs 60 kg is a little less than 8.9×10^{-26} metre.

It is known since 1795 when the French mathematician Pierre Simon Laplace (1749–1827) calculated that light will not be able to escape a mass which is massive enough or a collapsed body. Others say that John Mitchell in 1783 said a similar thing before Laplace did. But it was only in 1960 that astronomers had their attention drawn to black holes.

The photon sphere or photon circle is the trajectory where photons that enter the black hole at a certain angle remain and neither fall into the black hole nor escape. It is the trajectories of light in space the way the limit cycle the trajectory of states in the state space.

Physicists believed that light propagates through a medium, the ether, until the experiment made by Michelson and Morley in 1887.

A light source is split by the beam splitter into two paths perpendicular to each other. These paths reflect at a mirror and come together again in a telescope where interference fringes are detected. The velocity of light travelling in the same direction as the ether should have changed and become prominent when the instrument is rotated by 90°. The same is always true with swimmers. The swimmer who swims across the current and come back always win the other one who swims the same distance along the current first and then come back against it.

This is easily shown if we let the velocity of the current be v and the speed of the swimmer u. Here necessarily $u > v > 0$ for otherwise the swimmer shall never be able to swim against the current. Let the distance swum by both in each direction be x. Then the time taken by the first swimmer becomes $2x/u$ whereas that taken by the second $x/(u+v) + x/(u-v)$ which simplifies to $2ux/(u^2 - v^2)$.

But $u - v^2/u$ is always less than u for $v > 0$, which means that the first swimmer wins provided that he is not normally slower than the second one by at least v^2/u where u is now the speed of the second swimmer.

When their experiment showed no significant fringes shift the ether suddenly found no roles to play and was soon abandoned as being irrelevant before Einstein developed his special relativity theory in 1905. According to his theory, the speed of light is independent of the velocity of the source.

In Electrodynamic, the local observer sees only the electric field produced by the electric charge while another observer who moves relative to him sees both the electric current and the magnetic field.

Experiments to test his special relativity theory use instruments like the betatron, cyclotron, and synchrotron to mention but a few.

Imagine that you are in a very fast spaceship with windows on the front, side and rear. As the speed of your vehicle approaches 90 per cent the speed of light, the view through the front window appears like what you see looking at the universe through a fish-eye lens.

When you look through the back window, it seems like you are looking through a powerful telescope, not resolutionwise but that you see

fewer stars. Through the side window look and 'Lo and behold!', what used to be the vertical line in the middle of the window is now a small circular arc attached to the side of the window towards the direction in which the spaceship is travelling, with half of the stars in it.

If your spaceship moves away from the sun at the speed of light, you will even see the sun in your front window. These results were predictions based on the calculations by G D Scott and H J van Driel.

In the Doppler Effect the light from an approaching source is blue-shifted because the wavelength decreases, whereas the light from a receding source red-shifted because the wavelength increases. This effect was first discovered by Christian Doppler (1803–1853) for the sound waves. The cone of the blue-shift is 149°at the speed of 50 per cent of *c*. At 90 per cent *c* this cone becomes 102°and at 99^1 /$_2$ per cent 50°.

To an observer on earth the outer planets sometimes appear to be moving backwards across the sky, retracing its steps for a while before resuming its journey. This is the retrograde movement, and occurs because both the observer and the observed planet moves. The observer is on the inner planet which moves faster, and therefore for the relative motion we can imagine the position of the outer planet to be fixed.

Then the effect may be visualised by analogy with a piston assembly as an observer who is on the crank looking at the piston along the connecting rod as his line of sight. Here the sun is at the crankshaft.

The Newton's law of gravitation states that the force which acts between two bodies is Gm_1m_2/r^2 where m_1 and m_2 are the mass of the bodies, r the separation between them and G the gravitational constant. We can see that this is a nonlinear equation with regard to the force and the distance, that is to say, the force greatly increases with the decreasing distance.

The weight of our body is not the mass but the force in the term of Newton's law. It therefore changes depending on how far away from the centre of the earth we are. If you weigh 60 kg, assuming that the radius of the earth is 4,000 miles, then at 4,000 miles above the surface of the earth you weigh only 15 kg.

Two thousand miles below the earth's surface, however, you weigh less at 30 kg. This is because now only the mass of that part of the globe which lies below your feet interacts with your body.

In other words, in a homogeneous body only that mass of the sphere which is centred around the centre of gravity of the body and has the radius equal to the separation between the two CG's, interacts with the CG of that other body. Were the earth shaped like a cube the length of the side of which is d, and if you stood in the middle of one of its face, then only the mass of volume $(3/4)\pi(d/2)^3$ would have acted on your body.

I go around using either the Vespa scooter or the sport bicycle. I often come here to the library. The books on astronomy are on the top and third floor where there are very few people and the air-conditioning becomes rather cold late into the night. There are tables with partitions and a reading lamp. You need to turn on the lamp to be able to read, the library is too dimly lit.

Often in some of these tables there are man and woman doing things only they would know. Today, apart from the table where I sit there are only two other tables with the light on. One of them faces the wall, leaving a gap behind where you can walk between the table and the shelves. The partition can only hide the occupants of the table from someone down the passage. But when you walks pass behind it everything comes into view. When I arrived here two hours earlier, I passed behind the table while looking for some nice corner to sit. The man's hand was in the girl's blouse, but she was passive and not protesting. I tried not to notice and passed them by as quietly and quickly as possible. Both of them are students.

The other table where there is light is in the very far end of the floor. The corner is so far away and the floor so quiet that I would never dream of walking there at this hour, let alone to sit and read. Yes I am young, and when you are my age you fear ghosts. I never find out what they are up to there. Anyhow, my business is astronomy.

I never cease to wonder, whenever I look up at the stars in the sky, how vast the universe is and how tiny we all are. Just imagine that the light goes around the world seven and a half times in one second, and yet it takes more than 4.2 years for the light to go from here to the closest star to the sun, the Alpha Centauri.

Among the billions of galaxies or twin spiral galaxy, the Andromeda which is in our Local Cluster, is 2.22 million light-years away. This galaxy is in the Pegasus constellation and is also known as M31 or NGC224. The first number is according to the catalogue compiled by Charles Messier (1730–1817) in 1784 which contains 103 galactic and

extragalactic nebulae. He also discovered 16 comets and observed 41. The Pegasus also contains M32 and M33.

In 1781 William Herschel (1738–1822) discovered Uranus. By 1840 astronomers have found that the orbit of the planet does not agree with the calculated path.

Do I need to tell you never to believe anyone including myself? As everything else a person may change, his idea, his believe and all. This is important since we are not a robot. Buddha is the first instance in history of the enlightenment. His teaching is timeless, though you may find it only in the canon which is not written by himself but somebody else, and which includes all the other worldly parts and cares.

At the core of his teaching is that recorded as the Kạlạmsụtr, which is in the Dutiyȧpaṇṇạsk̇ within the Tikaniḅạt of the Anggutrnikạï. It tells you never to believe something because of the following ten reasons. These are namely *mā anussaven*, that is to say, never believe only because it is well-accepted; *mā paramprāya*, nor because it follows as a consequence of something; *mā itikirāya*, neither if it is according to what I have heard; *mā piṭakasampadānen*, nor because it is written in a bible or canon; *mā nayahetu*, never for it stands up to methodologies; *mā takkahetu*, nor because it stands up to reasons; *mā ākāraparivitakken*, neither because you have reflected and pondered; *mā diṭṭhinijjhānakkhantiyā*, nor since it follows from, is against, or because of the opinion to which you adhere; *mā bhabbarūpatāya*, never for it is becoming or attractive; and lastly *mā samaṇo no garu*, because of neither priests nor gurus.

I am learning Daiï weapons at the *Śrị Ayudhyạ* sword school. My teacher is *Pīak* who also teaches Chemistry. First there is the *khùen grụ* (student-accepting). For this we need a candle, flowers, incense and the smallest amount of money, which in this case is the 25 stạng coin. We sit on the floor while the teacher on a chair. One by one he tells us never to use what we are about to learn here to do wrongs to others. By this I guess that he means those things that are morally wrong, which our conscience alone can tell us.

First we learn how to stand with our legs wide apart and the thighs parallel to the ground. Then we walk with long strides each of which makes 45 degrees to the direction we face, always remember to keep our low position.

We learn how to hold the two swords, one in each hand, such that

to make the shape of an upright regular triangle that guards our body when looking from the front. Our whole body itself, from the feet up, resembles another upright equilateral triangle.

Then we learn the *mạe māi* (base formula) which comprises *gạu* (necks), *khạ* (legs), *ẹö* (waists), *họa* (heads) and *dạeng* (pierces). Complementary to these are the moves to receive these where invariably the right hand receives the blow made by a right hand, and so on. This is called *raḅ naị* in general.

Then there is the *māi sạm* (third formula) where there are necks, head, (dodge, change) *gạu gù* (double-neck's or d-neck's), *họa gù* (double-head or d-head) and *ngaǵ gù* (double-surge or d-surge), where 'change' (*plĭan*) means changing from hitting to barring and vice versa.

There is no *māi hà* (fifth formula) as such, but a hypothetical one may contain necks, legs (both received with the same hand), waist (out-bar), (change) gạu, (dodge, change) d-neck's, d-head and d-surge. Here 'out-bar' is receiving the hit by a right hand with your left hand and vice versa, that is *raḅ nauk*, the opposite to *raḅ naị* already mentioned. Dodging (*sauǵ*) moves your body out of the line and direction of attack, ideally such that you find yourself behind the coming weapon and its wielder.

Next is the *māi ceǵ* (seventh formula) with its necks, legs, waists, head, (change) d-neck's, d-head and d-surge. *Māi kào* (ninth formula) is probably the easiest to do but the most wild. It starts with a neck, then four cascade-neck's (*gạu tạmkan*), (dodge, change) d-neck's, d-head and d-surge.

We learn *goang blaung* (pole spinning), where the pole is a little longer than our height. The moves are namely *khặeng sạeng sụrẏa* (sun-racing), *biruṇ rāunghài* (crying rain), *Nạraïṉ sĭ kaur* (four-handed Narayana), *phlạeng śaur khàm khao* (shooting an arrow over the mountain), *hak ngoang aiïrạ* (cutting elephant's trunk, half-head), *tem họa* (full-head), *thẹr kvạǵ lạn* (old man sweeping the floor), and *ban ẹö* (waist-wrap).

The most important thing in traditional Daiï weaponry is the *dà raṃ* (dancing style). It is what sets us apart from other kinds of martial art. It also represents what our school means to us in terms of *grụ* (teacher) and *śiṣẏa* (student). Teachers are like parents.

The *kaṃlang bhạïnaị* (hidden force) that I used to read are riddled with

Chinese proverbs. Many of these are good, for example there is a popular one that says, 'Being a teacher for one day is like being the father for the rest of your life'. Not all teachers are selfless, however, even in the area of sword fighting.

Grauḅ means becoming accepted as a teacher. For this we have to be tested. We do not have this test every year, only about once in five years in general. Depending on who became a teacher before whom, we have *bị̀* (elder member) and *nậung* (younger member). These are prefixes which have become our second nature, while *vhài* is how you put the palm of your hands together and position it in such away that your index fingers are between you brows, no thumbs stick out, and your upper arms are braced close to your body.

Those who are together with me are namely Ấem, Art, Bẹ̄, Cŭn, Ḍạeng, Dẹ̣ng, Jaïvaḍhṅ, Kùng, Lhim, Mị̀, Mụ, San, Siddhi, Tậum and *Tọ*. Before us are Am (Ạem), Gīang, Lẹ̀ḥ ('Ley, *i.e.* Byeley, I think), Nạng, Nok, Pop (Pāuḅ), *Vậe*, and Yuddh.

Before these are our teacher *Pīak* and together with him Ḍạeng, Mnas and *Páung* who is in *Laṃbụn*. There was also Lauï whom I have never met, for he had already died.

Before these is *Ạriụ̱a* who founded the *saṃnak ḍạḅ* (sword school) *Śrị Ayudhyạ*, and before him Lạ and Lị. And here the trail ends, for we keep no records. *Ạriụ̱a* died in Lī when he was 51. Before *Śrị Ayudhyạ* there was the *Buddhaïsvarr̲* which he had founded together with Smaï. They went their separate ways because Smaï would turn the teaching of this into a business whereas *Ạriụ̱a* would have none of it.

There are two rooms which belong to the club. One serves as the main office, armoury as well as a conference room, the other a room for practising. Each room was once an old class-room and has a large black-board, two doors on one side and a row of windows on the other. The wooden bar on top of the door frame of the rear door of the first room has a metal loop where you can hang a punch bag filled with saw-dust with an aid of a hook.

The windows opened on to the roof of the bicycle garage. One can easily climb over the sills of windows on to the roof. The roof slightly slopes outward and runs the whole length of the building which must be no less than fifty metres in total. It seems to beckon at you, inviting you to climb out to walk on it. But the tiles were thin and not holding,

you must always keep to the places where it rested on a beam if you walked on it.

Today I had been out there with some friends of mine scaling the roof I misplaced my foot and the tiles beneath suddenly gave way. I could still remember the feeling when I fell down through the hole caused by my own weight. Fortunately both my arms caught hold of the tiles on either sides of my body and those ones did not give way so I was hanging at breast-level with my bust above the roof and the rest of my body dangling in the air down from the ceiling of the bicycle room. It was after five o'clock in the evening and many students were in there. Looking down I could see their faces as they looked up to what happening above their heads. It must have been a sight to see for all I know. I got bruises and cuts but amazingly these do not hurt me at all. It must have been the shock of my first experience of falling through a roof that kept all the pains away.

I feel rather shaken-up now as I think back to what happened and realise that I could easily have broken my legs, or for that matter my neck. As I laugh away with my friends I feel grateful that I had escaped intact, and secretly promise myself that never again will I walk on that roof.

The roof is never my favourite spot anyway. I prefer spending my time on the corridor in front of the room with a pair of rattan sticks, each one of which is about one metre long, in my hands practising.

We practise in pairs which alternated between attacking and defending. We normally practise formulas, that is set sets of attacks and defences done by two back and forth and back again, and so on, for as long as one like. These are very useful. They give us the precision and timing necessary in performances which are the main activity of our club.

One example of such formulas is the one I have already mentioned above, which goes neck, neck, leg, leg, waist, waist, head, head, stab, stab by one party and then return with exactly the same sequence of attacks made by the other party. Another one begins with neck, neck, head, then the other party dodges the head and returns with double-neck, double-neck, double-head, double-surge, and then he may begin again right from the beginning of the formula and thus carrying on the sequences as before but with opposite roles for each party.

These sequences almost always alternate between left and right, and thus this is left unsaid. Therefore the neck, neck means an attack to the neck position on the left-hand side of the attacker followed by one to that on the right-hand side, and so forth.

The prefix *double-* means essentially that both swords to attack together on the same position of the same side. The blow thus made is that where both swords strike together in parallel.

A surge was my own word coined up to represent a *ngaǵ* in Daiï. It is done by a prompt outward circular movement of the swords in both hands in such a way that the blades are brought up in a curve towards the opposite party from below.

Other schools may have the another thing that looks similar to a surge as well as a leg. It is done by a circular movement of only one sword which in the beginning looks as though it aimed at the leg, but then curves up towards the rib. This is called a *yāun kleǵ* and I will call it here as a *rip*. Such a blow is very difficult to ward off since it is not direct. I consider it a dangerous thing to do, especially when you mock-fight with your friend for a performance. So we use nothing like it at our school.

Páung's school in *Laṃbụn*, however, is expert in this. And they also fly in circular motion like a disc spinning horizontally, with their body parallel to the ground, to escape from blows in the legs. Taiwanese films always do the same thing, and these may come from them.

However, neither does this become us. So we never try it. What I believed was that the reason why my school did not use such blow as a I doubt that the rip-blow is old. It looks different, not as straightforward as all those that we do.

All the blows made in the line of fighting of the *saṃnakǵạḥ* Sri Ayudhya of *grụ* (guru) *Ạriy̲a*, even though they always comes from a circular movement to gather the momentum, always land with the blade straight on to the target. Every cut thus made resembles a straight cut, contrasted with the sliced cut as carved up by a rip.

There are two ways to perform or practise with your friend safely using the real swords. One is to stop the blades just short of the other, that is in this case the momentum is stopped. The other is to keep the momentum going in a circular motion, thus the blades only raked past

each other causing ample sparks flying as they pass and touch each other in full speed. I always use both of these methods in combination. By keeping most of the momentum in a circle you often get plenty of sparks which are caused by the two jagged blades that glide past each other at high speed.

Sometimes you let the swords stray from their circles, and thereby produce a realistic scene. Only you had to be doubly careful to make sure that you can stop the sword at any time you want, so that no accidents result. But accidents do happen, at least to me they do all the time. I am perhaps the only one among us who seems to get a fresh wound or two from every performance.

As for the doubled attacks, one can either dodge such blows, ward them off by leading them to other directions or double-fend oneself, which means to fend oneself with the two swords in parallel thus receiving a blow made by two swords with two swords.

Yet another one of such formulas is that which goes neck, leg, waist, neck, leg, waist, head, stab, stab, head, here the first right to the neck is followed by the first left leg.

The triangular stepping is to be practised for at least a month before everything else starts. Your subconscious mind never forgets it after that. It is at the very foundation of all the Daiï martial arts, including *Moaï Daiï*, and is known as the *yạ̀ng sạmkhum*. Essentially it means keeping guard when you walk about while fighting, always keeping your feet aligned in a line approximately 45 degree to the imaginary line connecting your opponent and yourself.

The foot-work is the most important thing in all sword-fightings. A strong foot-work results from keeping your feet wide apart and your body low. Your two feet should form with your head a firm, equilateral triangle. You can even draw lines connecting them together as the vertices of it. And you must keep your body in the upright position.

Then imagine your legs as the arms of a compass in geometry and draw a circular arc first using your left, and then another one using your right leg. You have, then, two points on the ground where these two arcs intersect each other. These become the only two places possible for your next footing. Your fighting becomes nothing but the flowing series of footings which has become naught but for the sequence of these points on the ground.

Both feet are kept at about one metre distance from each other. The practice is at first done without the rattan sticks, and later with two of these one in each hand. The sticks are straight, one inch and a quarter in diameter, and one metre long.

The on-guard position means keeping the sticks, which were called rattan swords or *ḍạḅ vhạï* in Daiï, in an upright triangular position in front of you. Your upper arms are kept reasonably close to your body while the lower arms extend comfortably outwards in front of you.

The first month is spent walking without the two rattan sticks, the second with them kept at all times in the guarding position, and the third while practising the attacks to the neck when advancing, and when retreating the receiving blows to the necks as such. Three or four of us stand in a row running the width of the practice-room, go together forwards and then backwards, always in long steps. We practise everyday, with no exceptions even for Saturdays and Sundays. Daiï swords become a part of our lives.

The planks that make up the floor are splintered in places. Sometimes the small pieces of wood broken off them, or the protruding nails, would catch our feet while we are practising. The only way such wounds are dressed is with the dark, rust-red tincture-iodine solution. The wounds caused by splintered wood are somewhat harder to treat than those caused by nails as there always are small pieces of wood stuck under the skin that have to be taken care of first.

More often than not, in our taking away the splintered wood the wound would widen up sufficiently to make it easier for the strong tincture-iodine solution to react with it. Some believe that the solution was not the best way of treating a fresh wound because it kills tissues. But for us it reduces the chance of getting the pus as well as prevents an infection.

I remember when I was younger, during my first or second year in the junior high school, I once had a small opening in the skin of the lower part of my left leg which developed into a large wound filled with pus.

After a while it began to stink and worsen all the while disregarding what I did with it. I was so afraid for fear that my leg would have to be cut off. For months the ordeal went on. As the last resort I think that I took some antibiotics and afterwards the pus started to go away.

I remembered vaguely that I used to scrape the wound clean of pus by myself, and then applied some tincture-iodine solution on it. But I cannot remember whether that made it better or worse.

In the performances I wield not two swords but a sword and a *ḍàng*, which is a shield with a rectangular shape, made of thick dried leather and held in the left hand. Its use in combination with the *ḍạḅ* (sword) is simply called the *ḍạḅ ḍàng*.

Before each fight there is always the ritualistic, slow movements with the weapon that are made solemnly in the presence of the other combatant. These dances always start from a *bromh sǐnhạ̀* (four-faced Brahmā) which goes in four directions at right angle to each other. The purpose of doing it was to pay a homage to that Hindu god and the creator of all things, which has in the human form four hands and four faces.

With the strong influence of Hinduism, and with it the Sanskrit language, *Ayudhyạ* became a powerful empire. The Lạ̄nnạ empire in the north, on the other hand, was more influenced by the Buddhism from Śrị Langkạ, which is reflected in the influence of the Pali language.

Hinduism has three major divinities, and Brahmā is one of them. Then there is Viṣṇu who is the protector and maintainer of the world. For all the engineers in Daiï he is the god to be respected in their profession. Then the last one to be mentioned is Śiva who is the god of destruction.

It is interesting to note how it is Viṣṇu not Brahmā who is considered by Daiïs as the god of Engineerings. In the light of this, Brahmā creates all things while engineers merely maintain them.

There were two kinds of the Bromh Sǐnhạ̀, one of which is done in the standing postures while the other in the sitting ones. They are respectively called *bromh yụen* and *bromh nàng*. In both of these, one steps as though one is following the four sides of an invisible square on the ground, that is to say, forwards and then three times consecutively rightwards. In the end you come back to the position from where you started. One goes on one's feet in the Bromh Yụen and on both knees and feet in the Bromh Nàng.

After the BSN comes a series of slow dances or *raṃ* which are essentially slow movements abstracted from or summarising the actual movements done in the fighting. The spiritual purpose of this is to pay homage to one's line of teachers while the practical purpose is to warm

up and prepare oneself for the fight, as well as to allow the combatants the inspection of the ground, which is important in planning the way they fight. It also lets one know whether there are any pitfalls in the ground so that he may avoid them during the combat or performance.

The Raṃs vary from weapon to weapon. For instance, those of the two-handed swords differ from those of the Daiï sabre or *kraḅĭ*, a slender sabre that is held in one hand. Together with the Ngą̣ö it is held with the highest regard among all the other kinds of the Daiï weapons.

A *ngą̣o* (or *ngą̣ö*) is a sword attached to a very long handle used by kings when they fight with each other sitting on top of their elephants. Thus in practice they all have a hook just below the blade for turning the living vehicle. With its long wooden handle it looked more like a harpoon than a sword. Both the *kraḅĭ* and the *ngą̣ö* are considered to be the weapon of the king. Therefore they command the ruling position above all the rest. In my *ɗą̣ḅɗàng* practice I use the slow dances of the *kraḅĭ*.

Among the various combinations performed using the Daiï weapons neither a real kraḅĭ nor a real ngą̣w is ever used. They are seldom performed as a fight even with the rattan canes in place of a real blades. Essentially they are only performed as parts of the ritualistic dances before all the performances.

From its nature, the *ngą̣ö* is a particularly difficult weapon to yield on the ground. I conjecture that a king almost never was on the ground in wars. And even if he did, I think he would have chosen to wield the *ɗą̣ḅ*s instead of a *kraḅĭ*.

Neither was he likely to have such great needs for the *ngą̣ö* either while sitting on his elephant, because each foot of the marsupial is guarded at all times by a foot-soldier who would have to die before anybody could get to firstly the elephant and then the *rex*.

Even if he did die, another would resume his post in no times. The single-handed sword is used more like a *kraḅĭ* than a sword.

We never have elephants at our *saṃnak* (school), so I have seldom seen a *ngą̣ö* bout performed. But perhaps Ą́em and Mị̀ do it together sometimes with the rattan weapons.

We go together during one winter to perform at the *ngą̣n ṛueɗụnhą̣ö*

(winter festival) in *Jiangmhăị*. This town sits in the northern part of Daiï where it is mountainous, so the weather here is cooler than in most other parts of the country.

Winters here used to be much colder in the past, when there were still plenty of forests that is. I can remember a day when I was a small child sitting in a saloon-car while my father drove the Hillman to send us to our school. As we passed our shop near the market downtown to drop off my mother and the two servants, we saw a long line of people in front of the shop waiting to buy things.

My father had then a business selling wool and winter clothes made from woolen products. Normally mother would open the shop with the servants while father send us to school. He would be back to the shop fifteen minutes later.

That morning, however, he decided that there were too many prospective customers waiting there than the three of them could handle, so we drove past in front our own shop to the schools first as if we were not there. The fog on the streets was very thick.

The Winter Festival is held each year at a sport ground which had been built to accommodate an ASEAN Games in the past. Apart from the performance here, we also perform at the Channel 9 in *Laṃpạng*, the *Cạmdẹvị*'s Festival in *Laṃbụn* where we stay overnight at Pạ́ung's place, at the restaurant in a garden by the Ping River, and at the Golden Jubilee of the Monfort College and Bicentennial Ceremony of *ratnạ̲kọsindr̲* (Bạngkauk's era), when we build a tower that is used during the day as a short cut to climb up to the first floor, and at night as a platform for Gīang to do the solo torch-*blaung*s, while below, on the football ground, fifty students do the torch-*blaung*ing.

The royal barge Suvarrṇhongṡ traverses the whole length of the football field during the day. Inside it squat the students, cramped, among whom I am one, while the rowers do their job to the recitation on the loud-speaker of verses to the occasion as it is done with the real barges on the Càobrayạ River.

Following the boat, we perform as usual before the audience, and then there follows a competition of the two-handed swords where cushioned rattan-swords are used.

At night we sleep together in the practice room and I wake up to the

sound of fighting between Yuddh and *Vậe* who are both my seniors. The latter is a disciplinary officer in the army, and he has the right to carry a gun around. He had drunk and exchanged harsh words with some of those young people who came to the festival when, brandishing his gun, he told them to be gone.

Yuddh must have coaxed to get the gun from him, for which he became infuriated afterwards. They fought a real fight, and waking up I see *Vậe* beside himself with rage and lets fly the huge staff dangerously around while Yuddh marvellously dodges and from behind holds fast to his dear friend.

Before this happens, however, he side-steps and dodges, always trying to get at all times the more closer instead of getting away, for he must know how deadly a blow from such a pole can mean.

I am aghast, for I know how heavy that staff is. It is made from a piece of solid hard-wood, so big that the tips of my thumb and middle finger do not touch when I hold it in my hands, and standing on one end taller than me.

They are both specialised in the thing, and there is a pair of the staff but I do not know where the other one has gone to. In this manner each of the blows misses him by a hair's breadth.

Bẹ̣ has to undergo an operation on his spine which hurts. But it gets worse and he has to have more operations one after another, getting from bad to worse every time. I cannot understand what happened, for he seemed to me to be initially fine before he visited this doctor. It is terrible to see someone waste away this way.

Tàum is a rather meek and polite boy, the dear one to us all. He is also perhaps the youngest. He used to be tiny, seemingly an easy target enough for bullies. But he seems to have grown so quick overnight that one day I find that he is taller than me and most of us except Jaïvaḍhṅ and Gomsan.

But the pleasant smile is still there when he is harassed by a hoodlum who lived in front of the school, who is taller and heavier than him. One day the boy comes to our very door-step and demands a fight with him. He is here with is all his friends.

Tàum wants to use the practice room, so we lend it him and close the

door behind the giant and him as they enter, with neither the windows open nor the lights on, the darkness of the room. Inside it must have been like the interior of a black box. Everyone is worried for him.

No longer than ten seconds after we closed the door there is a yell, 'That's enough! I've had enough!,' as though somebody was in great panic in the face of death, and then there are knocks on the door coming from inside the room.

We opened the door to let them out and there the giant stands, full with sweat, his shirt all rumpled up while Tàum looks as though nothing had happened and he just came back from a walk.

'We are leaving now', the giant says authoritatively to his people.

Nobody apart from the two know what had happened during the ten seconds in that dark and hot room. None of us asked Tàum later what he had done to that fellow who had been so proud until that day. But I soon notice the disappearance of the giant who, as a bane of civilisation, had bullied young students around this area.

I cannot help but feel a chill down my spine every time I think about this. Here is a fighter enough who neither boasts nor quarrels, always strong but never aggressive, polite but never weak. Never wanting to fight, he gives it no second thought when the time comes, and when it is finished thinks about it no more. Happy to say, I feel myself inferior by comparison, even though he is one of the juniors in our *saṃnak*.

Lhim is unfortunate enough to get a wound in his eyeball caused by a spark which flew from the swords when they struck against each other.

After Siddḣ has gone to the vocational school to do his agricultural studies, I perform with my new partner Cŭn. Once I also perform the staff fighting with San.

There is an old poem that our teacher always sings. We never dare ask him to repeat it for us in full, so we try to gather it from bits and pieces. Bẹ̄ is particularly good at this. He has a good memory and always remember twice as much as we do.

Noḅ ọeï, noḅ kẹ́ś
Vhài dai dẹvẹ́ś duk diśạ,
Ịk brabuddh bradharrm lāṃ loḳạ,

Dāng ḅiḋaur, mạrḋạ, grụ, ạcạrẏa.

Ca rạ̈ïraṃ ạvudh yuddhjaï
Hàị prạkoṭ kroek krai phặe baiśạl.
Kiarti pravati fhạk vāi naị taṃnạn
Hàị lụklhạn raṃluek nuek braguṇ.

Tặe ḅọrạṇ nạn mạ Daiï klậkrặeng
Khankhaeng blẹng ạvudh suḋpriaḅ ḋài.
Ạyudhyạ tok aḅ yaḅyàuï pai
Hẹṭu mi jàị gon Daiï rāi fhịmụe.

Brau tạek gvạm sạmaggị dhạnị lòm,
Pradẹś com, tặe Daiï mài rāi jụ̀e.
Vijạkạr ḋạḅdaiï Daiï fhuekprụe.
Rao yueḋ thụe kauḅkặu tặukan mạ.

Nȧgaur Śrị Ạyudhyạ dhạnị
Cueng mài sìn gonḋị ḋang dị vậ.
Ẹkraj jạti Daiï ḋài gụen mạ
Brau vijạ ḋạḅdaiï ḋài cụacun.

Ḅaṃḅoang ḅụjit añjulị
Ḅarrbjon dận dị goeï kù̀anhun
Cong sthit yŭ ḋòaï jòaï ao ḅuñ
Kạruṇ lụk Daiï naị paccuḅan

Ḋaṃrong màn cit zù̀e thụe Sacca,
Mị bla roeng rạeng khaengkhan.
Hàị ḋạḅdaiï gù Daiï pai nirandr,
Dhaṃrongġ màn gù fậ dhạnị

We could perhaps translate this into English as the following.

O, I bow
to the gods in all directions,
to the Buddha and Dharma,
father, mother and teachers.

This weapon I shall wield
to make it known to all the world
and leave such legend as that which
our children shall thank.

From time immemorial Daiïs are strong and brave.
The wielding of the weapons is second to none.
Ạyudhyạ perished

not because Daiïs were not able.

For disunity the city fell,
the country sank, but the culture remained.
And with it Daiï Sword is practised
which we hold fast and pass down through generations.

The good city Àyudhyạ
thus lacks no good men, as we say.
We regained independence
with the help of the Daiï Swords.

I pray to the gods,
our progenitors who had helped.
Pray they are here in us to sympathise and
help the present generation

be faithful, honest, truthful,
strong and untiring.
Let the Swords be forever with the Daiïs
and remain as long as does the sky.

The worst offence that we do to our friends at school is to call them by their father's name. It seems like the names of our parents are sacred and it is a profanity, bordering on sacrilege, to call a person by the name of his father or mother. It is almost like calling by the name *Allah* the followers of Muhammad, *Jehovah* those of Jesus Christ, or *Yahweh* the god-fearing Jews.

This goes to show that people need a god. In Asia where the main philosophy believed is Buddhism, no gods may exist in theory. But the father and the mother then become the gods to their children. To a certain degree this is true because they help each other to create the child. This is philosophically deduced not even from our own experience but from the observation of what happen around us.

But religions argue that there must be the Origin of all origins, therefore both our ancestors, offsprings and us have a common Father and nobody is anyone's god. This Common Origin of us is unique in that it is the subset of our understanding of the Singularity but this is a subset that encompasses the superset, which is the whole universe itself.

Suppose that we take, for instance, the Big Bang as the origin. Then the Big Bang itself is no god, but its predecessor is, which is beyond our understandings and physics. At the present moment we may say

that this is some time before the Planck's Time. So somewhere beyond that, we may say, sits God.

I conjecture that we shall never understand God, or rather how His Creation works. No matter how far we push at the limits of our understanding regarding the common question of the Origin, we can only arrive at some fenced-in area that we cannot trespass within the boundary of which lies the key unknown that is God.

Empiricism says that all our theories, being based on assumptions, are themselves assumption. Because of these fundamental assumptions involved, for example those in the Euclidean Geometry, we cannot claim that we understand anything until we can create it. This makes the Origin impossible to understand, since by definition we would need the whole universe to recreate it.

Our imagination is far more friendly and useful to us, for only then can we, who are most insignificant in the relative size, claim to understand what happens inside, for instance, a star. The physicals are based on practice. Beyond them is the imagination, which is based on experience, and beyond this the faith which only exist because we are a part of the God.

The physical is the subset of the imagination, which in turn is the subset of the spiritual. One could even say that the existence of faith already implies the existence of God. But the negation of this is not true, that is to say, the fact that you may have no faiths, which seems impossible, does not imply that God may not exist.

You should believe neither in my ideas nor in anybody's. But think about what I have said and in the end believe in your own ideas. All is equally well, even, whether our ideas agree with each other.

So in this realm of boxing you guard the names of your progenitors as dearly as your life. You never call Bẹ̄ 'Jaïyuddh'. Neither do you ever call Kṣẹmbocṅ 'Lob'. Nobody ever calls me 'Nivati', and I think the reason is that I am always solemn and therefore seem to be more mature than my age, so they are more considerate towards me. I never do this to anyone, for I know it is considered impolite.

All the swords' *raṃ*s of the *Śrị Ayudhyạ* school are namely *nọ̄m gạu Siḍạ*, *Maïïrạb skoḍ dab*, *khnạn saụḍsràuï*, *jạ̄ng prasạn ngạ*, *hongs̱ pịk hak*, *taḍ joeng dian*, *khnạn khạ*, *kọ̆ng dhnụ*, *bạḍ khăo bạngsụrya*, *joeñdian*, *ḍạb hau*, *raṃlậu*, and *ḍoen*

plạeng.

Those for the *krabỉ* of *Śrị Ayudhyạ* are namely *choeǵchạï*, *prok nhạ̀ prok lhang*, *choeǵchạï krạï prok*, *nạng krạï*, *sauǵ phak*, *thvạï dian*, *joeǵ lậu*, *troac bol*, *ǵoen dạeng tlauǵ*, *Macchạnu fhào ǵặn*, *Hnumạn vhạek faungnāṃ*, and *raṃ lậu*.

For the Śrị Àyudhyạ *blaung* are namely *bạek dậen*, *sụa lạk hạng*, *yọn blaung*, *troac bol*, *bọk dhong*, *bạï rụa*, *dạeng sụa*, and *hạb nūạ*.

And for the Śrị Àyudhyạ *ngāö* are namely *ǵoen bromh*, *Cọchọ lụb nhoaǵ*, *Kratòa dạeng sụa*, *Kumbhkaṇḍ laḅ hauk* (*troac bol*), *bạek sụa*, *bọk dhong*, *troac bol*, *nạng lauï*, *choeǵchạï*, *thẹr kvạǵ vaǵ*, *ngāö krạï*, and *dạeng sụa*. For this lore I thank *bỉ* Ḍạeng.

For the new style presently taught in schools, the *raṃ*s for the *krabỉ* are namely *lauïjạï*, *goang daǵ hụ*, *nheḅ khậng*, *tàng śauk*, *còang nhạ̀ còang lhang*, *goang pàung nhạ̀*, *dạ̀ yaḳ*, *sauï ǵạö*, *goang tae*, *Hnumạn vhạek faungnāṃ* (*vhạek mận*), *loǵ lậu*, and *joeñ dian*.

For the swords these are *tặu ǵậm*, *bạek*, *daǵhụ*, *riang mhaun*, *taǵ họa dian*, *dạ̀ yaḳ*, *săung klàung*, *kạkbạd*, *bạek càung*, *fan Siǵạ*, *sauǵsràuï*, *loǵ lậu*, and *dẹb raṃbueng*.

For the *ngāö* there are *doan nhạ̀*, *baḅ śauk*, *bạï rụa*, *tặu khậu*, *săung klàung*, *pok nhạ̀ pok lhang*, *sụa lạk hạng*, *tăi rạö bọn*, *tăi rạö lậng*, *loǵlậu*, and possibly two others.

For the *blaung* there are *dīng lhang vạǵ nhạ̀*, *bak śauk*, *nạeḅ kạï*, *tặu khậu*, *sặung klàung*, *pok nhạ̀ pok lhang*, *sụa lạk hạng*, *tăi rạö bọn*, *khaǵ lhang*, *tăi rạö lậng*, *loǵ lậu*, and one other.

The guarding position of *moaï daiï* (Daiï boxing) is in general higher than that of the swords. In *moaï gạǵ juak* the hands are wound with rope to support their bones. Starting from the wrist the rope covers the back and the palm of the hand until it covers the whole hand up to the tip of the fingers.

Then returning to the wrist the rope goes to the tips of the fingers to gather and pull the ropes there back towards the knuckles. The rope is then twisted until it becomes tight and hard, and then a thin rope the size of the matchstick is threaded through the stubble to fix and align

it.

This rope-wound boxing varies in style from one place to another, for example *Gọraj*, *Jaiyạ* and *Lobḅuri*. The rope covers up to the wrist in the case of *Moaï Jaiyạ*. For *Lobḅuri* it covers half way up the lower arm and for *Gọraj* all the way to the elbow.

At the Lhakmuang Ring a boxer from Khmẹr died in his bout with the rope-boxer from *Utra̱ditth*, *Bạe Lāngprasroeṭh*, and the rope-wound boxing bouts were abandoned.

The *moaï Jaiyạ* uses the elbow, fist, knee and leg.

There are nine types of elbow. These comprises the six forward *śauk* (elbows), namely *baḅ* (fold), *chiang* (diagonal), *dạeng* (stab), *kradūng* (pound), *soeï* (up-shove), *tàng* (stand), and the three *śauk klaḅ* (reverse elbows), namely *chiang khùen* (diagonally upward), *chiang long* (diagonally downward), and *lọ̄n* (bald).

There are four types of *mhaḍ́* (fists), namely *kradūng* (pound), *soeï* (shove up), *trong* (straight), and *vhĭang* (cast).

There are six *khăo* (knees), that is *ḍọḍ́* (jump), *dọn*, (single), *kratặ̈ï* (rabbit), *lạ* (leave), *lauï* (flying), and *nāuï* (little).

There are ten *dāo* (feet), that is *chaḍ́*, *fạḍ́* (hit), *klạng* (middle), *nheḅ* (attach), *sụng* (high), *taḍ́* (cut), *tặ̆m* (low), *thịḅ* (shove), *toḅ* (slab), and *trong* (straight).

Traditionally, one could carry with him, with the believe that they will bring him victory and safety, a host of items, for example *birauḍ́*, *bismaur*, *monggol*, *praciaḍ́*, and *trakruḍ́*.

The *birauḍ́* is made of paper, *bismaur* a thin metallic sheet, *monggol* a cloth ring with a tail worn around the temples of the head, *praciaḍ́* a cloth ring or jacket, and *trakruḍ́* a wound metallic sheet.

In practice there are several ways to use the fist, for example *aḍ́*, upper-cut, the force of which comes from you body through the upper arm; *bùng tọa jok*, lurching punch, where you jump with the momentum of your whole body; *jòang sàn*, hook; *trong lōm tọa*, straight with the

body falling after it; *trong vhĭang lhăi*, straight with throwing from the shoulder; and *vhĭang*, cast.

The elbow has the *kradạek khàng nhà*, forward impact; *klaḅ lhang*, reverse; *soeï khùen*, shove upwards; *tịlong*, hit downwards; and *vhĭang lhăi*, cast from the shoulder.

There are more to the feet than the others. This is one of the reasons that Moaï Daiï is sometimes dubbed the *kick-boxing*. The feet can be divided into *fạd́* (hit), *te* (kick) and *thịḅ* (shove).

For the kick there are *fạd́*, hitting, where the momentum curves up and then down, exploiting the earth's gravity; *kraḍọd́ te*, jump kick; *lhang dāo*, back part of the foot; *sòn dāo*, heel; *trong*, straight; and *vhĭang*, casting, the momentum goes parallel to the ground.

For the shove there are *cik khyùm nīü*, dig and grasp with the toes; *cik plạiï nīü*, dig with the toes' tip; *khàng*, side; *lhang*, back; *sòn*, heel; and *trong*, straight. And the heel may be used for the hitting.

For the knee there are *khăo fạd́* where the head bows low, the knee rises and comes down against the face; *gōng*, curve, side and parallel to the ground; *kradạek*, impact; *lauï*, flying; *te*, kick, side at 45° upwards; and *trong*, straight.

These are the *màe māi* (basic formulas). Next are the *lụk māi* (variations). Never carelessly practice the following with your friends.

Bạdạ lụḅ baktṛ, a foot on the face: the right hand wards off an attack made by a right hand, and the right foot goes straight up to the chin, and if this misses it comes down and forwards to the face.

Bạrrbot thlŏm, avalanche: guard the left arm against the attacking right leg, then fall on the thigh with the elbow of that arm.

Bẹn sumẹru, deflecting the mountain: here the right arm wards off a left knee, then the left foot steps in and the left elbow goes to the face.

Blik phặend́in, overturning the ground: a left step in for a left knee, then the right arm goes under the leg hinge and lifts up.

Bra Rạm caung thnon, Rama barring the whole road: take a left step

outside of the attacking right hand, counter the attack simultaneously by the right hand to the face while the left shin to the ribs.

Bra Raṃ ɗoen ɗong, the rambling Rama: the left foot receives the momentum from the thigh of an attacking right leg, then with this rises the body and together with it the right knee to the chest or chin.

Bra Raṃ faḍ śaur, Rama hits the arrow: a right step in for a right elbow; edge of the hand attacks the arm hinge.

Bra Raṃ hak śaur, Rama breaks an arrow: step right in when attacked by a right elbow, then with the right hand grasps at the wrist and with the left the elbow and pushes it up.

Bra Raṃ nāö śaur, Rama draws the bow-string: with one arm guard the coming double elbows from above, knee bent and chin to chest, then return with the hand of the other arm.

Bra Raṃ yan śaur, Rama pushes the arrow: a right step in with the right hand to the right shoulder to stop the coming right elbow; the right or alternatively left elbow to the face, or the right knee to the rib.

Bra Raṃ yhiaḥ Longkạ, Rama steps on Longkạ: the right foot steps on the thigh of the attacking left leg and rise with it to return with the shin to the head.

Caurkhè faḍ haṇg, a crocodile sweeps with its tail: step in to the right when attacked by a right hand, then step the left foot and using it as a pivot turn clockwise around to attack with the right heel.

Ɗaḥ jvạlạ, put off the light: take a left step out when the right is attacking, the left hand pushes it down while the right hand attacks simultaneously.

Dayạe gāṃ sao, Dayạe supports the pole: step right, the left hand guards against the attacking right leg, then the left leg shoves at the supporting leg.

Doan khun śuek, the warrior's pike: both hands meet the attacking right leg at the ankle, turning your back to the other party and bowing your body down the right leg shoves at the chest or chin.

Ẹṛạvaṇ soeï ngạ, the Ẹṛạvaṇ shove up with its tusks: take a right step out against an attack by a left arm, the right arm wards it off and the left arm swings to attack.

Fhạn lụk ḅoaḅ: here the left step is taken inwards if the attack is by a left hand, the right hand wards it off while the left elbow goes towards the face.

Glụ̀en kradoḅ fhăng: supposing that a left hand is attacking, the right foot takes a step forwards to the left, then turn around in the counter-clockwise direction to attack with the left elbow.

Gọ̀n rukkhmụ̀l, brings down the Rukkhmụ̀l: dodge a high kick by sitting down, then one hand holds the ankle of the standing leg and pull while the other hand pushes at the knee.

Hak lhak bejr, break the lasting pole: the left hand meets a left kick and the right grasp the heel of that leg, then jump up to sit astride the leg and pull with both hands.

Hak ngoang Aïïṛạ, snap the elephant's trunk (proboscis): gather in the left arm the attacking right leg, then with the right hand covering the back of the head the right elbow goes to the knee bone or the thigh while the left arm lifts the leg up, and then possibly the elbow goes to the face.

Hnumạn ḅạek khạ̀eng: dodge a kick, step on his other foot, then come up with fist to the chin.

Hnumạn fạ́ Kumbhaṇḍ, Hnumạn throws Kumbhaṇḍ (a giant): grasp the attacking right leg, turn yourself around and pivoting it on your shoulder use it as a lever and bowing down throw the person over your head.

Hnumạn hak đặ̆n, Hnumạn breaks through the guards: step out to the left if it is a right hand which attacks, the left hand deflects its course and then the counter attacks of the left elbow to the chin and simultaneously the right knee to the solar plexus.

Hnumạn thvạ̈ vhạen, Hnumạn offers the ring: take a right step in when the attacking hand is a right, then with two hands attack to below the chin.

Hirañ mōan phặendín, Hirañ (a giant) rolls up the ground: the right elbow is up to guard the attacking right leg while the body is turned around counter-clockwise so that the left elbow goes to the face.

Hongs piḳ hak, wing-crippled swan: step left in against an attack made by a right hand, the left hand wards it off; the right elbow blows against the left shoulder.

Iḳạ chịḳ rang, the crow tears a nest: both hands move upwards in a curve from the inside, breaking up the guarding of the arms from below, then jump and knee to the chest or chin.

Inhao dạeng krij, Inhao stabs with the kris: the right step in if the attack in front is also the right hand, the left hand wards off; the right elbow attacks.

Jvạ zaḱ hauk: the right step out for the incoming arm is the left one, the left arm pushes away that arm; the right elbow attacks.

Kanghan tàung lom, the rotating sails in the wind: the right step out for an incoming left knee, the left arm wards off the knee and then goes under the leg hinge and lifts up, the right hand helps by pushing the chest back.

Khunśuek tị doan, a warrior wields the pike: take a left step out for a straight right; the right leg kicks.

Kraiśaur khậm hòaï, a deer crossing the creek: guard with the left hand against the attacking left leg, then the left foot shove at the other, supporting leg.

Kvạḱ mạr, sweep up the devil: the right hand touches the attacking right leg and moves from the knee to the ankle, and in doing so absorbs and annuls the incoming force, a right foot is stepped forwards.

Ling blīü, a nimble primate: step the right foot and dodge under an attack by a left leg, dash to behind the other party and holding on to both of his shoulders knee to the back.

Lōm khun doan, overturn the pike master: step to the left when the attack is by a left, the right hand wards it off; the right leg kicks.

Lụkgạng caḅ mhaắ, the chin catches the fist: step left and inwards when a left hand is attacking, put the chin on the upper arm while the right hand pushes up at the elbow.

Mauñ yan lhak, a Mon pushes at the pole: guard a hand attack with both arms, then shove with the foot to the body.

Moṇḍọ nàng dậen, Moṇḍọ sits on the dais: when an attack comes on your right, turn around clockwise, jump up to sit full on the chest.

Moṇḍọ nàng tak, Moṇḍọ sits on the lap: place the left foot slightly in front, jump up to sit on the thigh of the attacking leg when it is still gathering the momentum, rise with it to the top and return with the elbow to the face.

Nạgạ ḅiắ hạng, Naga twists its tail: the weight on the left foot when facing the incoming right foot with the right palm, the left palm holds the heel, twists and then knee at the calf.

Nạgạ muắ ḅạắạl, Naga dives underground: step the left foot forwards and squat down to dodge the attacking right leg, then with the right leg shove at the thigh of the standing leg.

Nạrạïn̲ ḅăn śiar, Naraya beheads: a right step is taken diagonally forwards when the attack is by a right hand, and the left hand swings over it to the temple.

Nạrạïn̲ khvậng cakr: step out to the left around a right hand attack, and then the right hand swings back to return.

Nhụ tăi rạö: the left hand holds the left wrist and the right hand the elbow, step back and pull in the same direction of the momentum; knee or leg attacks.

Pak lụkdauï, drive in the jack (or boule): the right foot steps forwards, facing the incoming right leg the right elbow meets the shin while the left hand guards the neck.

Pakṣạ vhạek rang: a right step in against a right attack, the left hand wards it off while the right hand attacks.

Piắ pok jok ắòaï śauk: here when the attacking thing is a right hand a

right step is taken inwards, the left hand covers the back of the head and the left arm the left ear, then elbow at the face.

Raḍ ngoang Ẹraṿaṇ, fasten the elephant's trunk: step right forwards and diagonally when a right leg is attacking, then push at the thigh with the left hand, then grasp it in the left armpit and the right hand goes to the face.

Rakrāẹ hak khạen, the armpit breaks the arm: take a left step forwards when a left hand is attacking, the right arm circles up from the inside and catches the wrist by the armpit then the right hand push up at the elbow.

Rạmsụr khvàng khvạn: jump, with one arm press down all the guards; the elbow in the other arm attacks.

Ṛụeṣị hoen, flying hermit: the left hand is pressed against just above the knee of the attacking right leg, then with its momentum and yours go for the face with your hand.

Sak boang mạlaï: a left step forward with the left hand pushing at the coming right hand; the right elbow attacks at the solar plexus.

Slaḅ fan plạ: step forwards and to the right, ward the incoming left punch with the left hand; your right hand attacks.

Śauk dāïdauï, elbow the nape: step forwards and outwards, a left step if a right hand is attacking, until behind your opponent and then elbow at the nape.

Soan doan: step forwards, the left arm punches out such that it meets the inner side of the incoming right arm, then follow by some other moves as see fit.

Tạtheṛ gāṃ fhak: take a right step in against a right attack, guard against it with the left arm while the right hand attacks in return.

Viruṇ hok klaḅ: attack at the thigh of the attacking right leg with the right foot and vice versa.

Yan rukkhmụl: dodge a kick and with elbow push the leg up.

Yạu khao Brasumẹru: dodge and then punch to the chin.

Ỵoaṇ dauḱ hạe, a Vietnamese casts the net: is done by sidestepping the shoving leg and then kick at the back side of the knee of the standing leg.

Jaiïvaḍṅ passed both the written exam and the interview for the AFS programme to go to the US for one year. Unfortunately he also passed the university entrance exams to study Medicine. He has decided to choose the latter as it cannot be postponed.

We have been learning an intensive course at the USIS here in *Jiang Mhăị* for a few weeks to prepare our English for the AFS programme when he learns about his university entrance results.

In May he writes to tell me in New Zealand that Mị got in the Department of Agriculture and will study at *Jiangmhăị* University. Ạ́em could not pass her exam, so she will study at Rạmgaṃhạeng University which is an open university following the steps of the Open University in the UK.

One day during my first year in secondary school I sit with three other members from the sword club having lunch in the cafeteria. It has been a long while since we last done this because each one of us are from a different class. I am the youngest in the group since all the others were in their second and third years.

The conversation go from one topic to another, always with plenty of fun in all the topics. One way of teasing another was by calling him by his father's name. Some people do not like it and consider it very rude. Even with your close friend you had to be careful at times not to overdo this kind of practice. He could get really mad at you or thought that you were hurting his honour.

Grown-ups did not do this that often, only kids. '*Tọ lậeo*,' (we are grown-up now) Daiïs always say, '*loek lậu jụ̀e bậu*.' (stop mock me by my dad's name). Everyone knows this saying.

When we have lovely trainee teachers, fresh from their graduation, I like to tease them. But I never do it in a vulgar way, and people seem to like what I do. I liked it when people laughed off-guarded at my sincere and naive words. It gave me a sense of fulfilment that I had cheered up another person. Armed with genuine sincerity I never hurt

anyone with my teasing.

In all my remarks I never hurt anybody. There are certain boundaries over which I would never venture. I maintain my creativity and sincerity throughout. Usually to other people nothing seems to be out of the way until someone with an uncultivated sense of humour makes his remark. Only then do they miss me and wish that I am around to save them from the unpleasantness. And often if I am around that is just what I normally do.

Women like to listen to what I say even while, or especially when I tease them. It is never too difficult to lighten the day of others if we have the mind to. In Japan, for instance, I shall come to learn in fifteen years' time from now that if someone whom you know is really mad at you, instead of blabbing on meaning less excuses you may just as well say, '*seppuku suru!*'

I am then always late to my Japanese language class I really feel guilty about this but do not know how to change myself. When I come to the class late again for who know how many times, and this time terribly so, I decide I have exhausted all the likely excuses and so merely wait a second for her excusing look to set in, then bow and say, 'Seppuku shimasu!' We later become friends. She likes to talk with me, and even at times confides to me some of her troubles and worries.

But still there are sometimes things you never understand.

One fine morning in our Chemistry class, she is young and kind, and is my first Chemistry teacher. I liked her very much and I know she feel the same towards me, a pure and untainted love. We merely exchange some touchés as usual, nothing out of the way, this much I am sure all the other 55 students can bear witness.

She writes some thing on the blackboard and say, 'This is important! You should try to memorise it'.

'This is important,' I tell my friend *Ṣẹm* at the back of the room softly, for I want to make sure that he does not miss what she has just said for it is important.

But she must have overheard what I said, and she says, 'But I suppose there may be someone in here who shall never need to use it', and she looks at me.

Now, she starts it you see, so I am simply crestfallen and looking at the floor agree with her, 'Of course someone in here shall never need to use it'. I believe what she says, for she is my beloved teacher.

But the rest of the class, you have to see them! What unreasonableness! They just go on giggling senselesslissimus.

'Shame on them!', I think. I feel all the more sad and devastated the louder they roar. She will probably think that was what I wanted, and nothing can be further away from the truth.

In the end I need to go to the teachers' common room, for *Pīak* who is both a teacher of Chemistry, for a higher year, and my sword teacher has come to our class and tell me that I should make things up with my teacher.

'*Vạen*,' he says simply, 'go and apologise to your teacher!' So in that large common room I walk up to her who are sitting in the corner crying. There can be no questions whatever, neither exaggeration and imagination, for when I find her she has been crying her heart out audibly. She seems to have been doing so for a while and now her eyes are all red and flooded with tears which run down both sides of her face.

I kneel down on the floor by her side on the chair, prostrate both hands and a forehead not on the floor but on her very lap, and there I remain. Then she raises me up to my feet, and by that time I have some of her tears on my head.

To *krạḅ khạudọ̣s* someone (what I had just done) in the Daiï society is the best way to let someone knows you are sorry. I should have put my head on the floor according to the lore, but it was dirty and her laps are softer I could go to sleep on them in case she should never forgive me. And how could one miss such an excuse?

Anyway, she thanks me. Nothing to worry about, it was not me. And, yes, I may go now.

Back at the class none of the students had seen their teacher in tears. From now on I secretly try to protect her from other teases whenever they start to seem improper. I simply change their nuance or, if this does not help, direct them elsewhere. I have learnt my lesson and I want to see no one in the same shoes I once found myself in.

After this incident the teasing between us still go on as nothing had ever happened, except that she never cries again and I have a feeling that she is ever more polite towards me.

My sword master is the only person then who could stop me any time in almost any matter. The other day I happens to be in the principal's room asking for more financial supports from the school to my *jumnum ɗạḅdaiï* (Daiï sword club). The present sharings of resources are not fair, since the *ɗontṛịdaiï* (traditional Daiï music) Club where he rehearses several times weekly always gets the lion's part of it.

My sword master comes in at the crucial moment and says, 'Vàen, leave this to me'.

And, believe it or not, I put all my arguments down and take my leave without a single word more. I will never forget that surprised look on the principal's face, who has already stood up behind his desk and talks to me rigorously with energy. I have to fight for the right of my sword club since I am its president. *Vạ̀en*, by the way, is what people call me in our *saṃnak*. It simply means the glasses, that is to say, spectacles.

I have been mean, however, because we do not need more money. We already have our swords and, moreover, wherever we perform we get some money all of which goes to the club's account. My master pays for many things from his own purse, and he never touches the money from our performances. More money from the school would simply go to the account, which already has enough anyhow. I doubt that *Pīak* would stop troubling his own pocket if our club became richer. So I am the only one, I guess, who is being unreasonable.

Back to the lunch, the time flies by as we talk ourselves out of the lunch break. The school bell rings signalling the beginning of the afternoon sessions. We loiter from the cafeteria behind all the other students. I stopped at a row of tap-water faucets to take in my fill of cool water before the sleepy lessons of the afternoon come.

Then still talking and laughing with one another we walk slowly past the board where some announcements have been put up. Jaiïvaḍhṅ and I chorused unpremeditated, 'Let's look at the announcements!'

We look at each other, surprised at having heard another person say our thought. 'Have I merely thought, and imagined my having said

it?', I could not help but briefly wonder. I thought I was the only one who wanted to stay away from the class for as long as possible.

One ad seems interesting enough, also for both of us. It is the invitation to apply for a cultural exchange programme to go abroad through the American Field Service programmes. There are two programmes coming up. One is for those who want to go to America, the other for those to either New Zealand or Australia. All the programmes are to be for one year, but the New Zealand one is only for ten months.

'I'm going to apply to the one to America. Let's all apply together', cheerfully says Jaïvaḍhṅ.

'All right. Let's go for it, shall we?', Cŭn chimes in who is my fighting buddy.

'I want to go to America too, same as Jaïvaḍhṅ,' Ḅùng comes in, then turning towards Cŭn he says questioningly, 'How about you? You come with us too?' To which the latter replies with a nod of his head.

Or it is not a nod at all, for he *byak* his *nhạ̀* (face), an action represents what your forehead does when you nod your head *backwards*. It is not the reverse of a nod but means exactly the same thing, that is a consent. You only do this to your friends, otherwise it is considered impolite.

To give it a more definitive description, *kạrbyaknhạ̀* is, a reverse gesture of a nod by tilting his face slightly upward with his neck as a fulcrum so that it looked somewhat like a nod except that it was made upward instead of downward'.

I might as well mention that to *yakgīü* what you do is jerk your eyebrows quickly upward and then return them to their usual position. This is the least polite of all, and it carries with it a nuance of contempt and defiance. Not only this, if you can do it with only one eyebrow, then it is even ruder.

Phngok họa (to nod), then, is absolutely all right, *byaknhạ̀* (to reverse-nod) is fine for a friend, *yakgīü* with two brows is ruder and with only one brow rudest. You are warned!

All three turn to look at me. (I am the president, remember?) I shrug, 'Sounds fun. Why not? You go apply together. I'll come along with you to get an application form and then think about it. You go for it,

though! For me, I wouldn't stand a chance'.

But there are for it an exam and an interview. How I am going to make it I never know. I am only in Madhyom 4, the first year of the secondary school. This test is probably for all people from M4 up to M6. How could I stand a chance?

Since the beginning of this term when I began the M4 I am all excited about it, for now we have the members of the fairer sex in our class. We have moved into the only building in our school where there are girls studying. But this is another matter.

'I will have none of that,' presently says Jaiïvaḍhṅ, our last year's president, 'because I am going to apply, you too shall apply. It's no fun doing it alone. Don't worry. Your English is good, so you will be all right.'

'That's fine!,' I go on, 'But I am not going to America. I am going to go for the other one instead. I want to go to New Zealand. Let's *kracạï kaṃlang*, shall we?' To *kracạï kaṃlang* is to place your forces strategically instead of coming together and perish teamwise.

I remember having studied two years earlier in my Geography class about New Zealand when we learnt that the country has ten times more sheep than people and there are no conflicts between the Maoris and the people descending from their European ancestors.

This lack of racism makes it both rare and unique. 'This land,' (or rather lands) our books taught us, 'has many diverse geographical features, all very close to one another in islands which are comparably small'. I was greatly impressed.

New Zealand has its plateaus and tundras, fiord lands and plains suitable for agriculture. These plains are created by the alluvial deposits from the milky-coloured rivers coming down from high snowy mountains.

In the end it turns out that I become among us not the only one who passes the test but the only one whose circumstances are free enough to go.

In the Kiwi Land, apart from my sixth form study, I walk the Milford track with the Southerland Chapter of AFS, Arthur's pass with the

Tramping Society of Ashburton, and Stewart Island and the aluminium smelting plant with Charlie. There is a visit to, and the cruises in the sounds of Blenheim and the ski trip to Mount Hutt.

I perform the *kraḅ̌* and the torch-*blaung* on various occasions in Christchurch in a *marae* on an AFS night, at a camp in Invercargill, and on *Ùaï*'s birthday party in Blenheim.

I visit and stay at a friend's farm where I see a satellite's component that has fallen on the farm. I play basketball in a few teams, but we always lose, probably from the same reason.

I live with a family of sportsmen, and my dad and mum try more than once to coach me to become a swimmer. But I could never catch up with the others, because I swim badly and wrongly if these are not the same thing, so I quit swimming for good.

My sixth-form English class at the Ashburton College teaches me how to approach literature, culture and philosophy. In the class, apart from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* which I must mention, we read and discuss *Bless the Beasts and Children* by Glendon Swarthout, where the following,

> O twayne me a twim, where the ffubalo jym,
> where the rede and the telopen zoom;
> where nibber is nat, a conframitous rat-tat-tat,
> and the dils are not icky all doom.

is the profound song with neither melodies nor words that is so tragic. For it represents the rage of the losers of the world in our present standard of competitiveness that is alien to God.

A hopeless and innocent child who is judged as being good for nothing sacrifices his life so that we may respect God and stop destroying other species as well as our own's. The lines above, never explained to us in the book, is how someone, who is maddened and beside himself by the indecencies of the world, might sound when he tries to sing the familiar 'Home on the Range',

> Oh give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
> where the deer and the antelope play,
> where seldom is heard, a discouraging word,
> and the skies are not cloudy all day.

The climax of the story, where the sense of urgency and the despair feeling of the quest led the words to be mixed up in the head of Cotton, the leader of the group.

After having entered the Ṛamgaṃhạeng University I move from place to place, and home finds me wherever I lay my hat, except that I have no hats.

I meet Young and Knok, so the nice folks all seem to be here while the less friendly ones are either studying Engineering or Medicine.

I am doing the degree of Computer Science, and so are they, though they turn to something else later. Both agree that I am crazy. 'Poor Vạ̀en,' Young muses, 'it must have been because of your disappointment. You could have done better in the university-entrance exams'.

I agree with them, but not until after I have visited them at the university's second campus one day. They live in the same building, so we sat together in one of their rooms and talked. That was when Young suggested, as is his wont, that I would never dare walk into the campus having on only the T-shirt and the underwear.

Nobody could challenge me to do something honest, so I went downstairs in that manner, walked the 100 metres and entered the gate. It was during the weekend, so there were not that many people around.

It was agreed that I would walk to the canteen and back, but instead of doing that I hid in the bush behind the wall for the whole designated time, before coming back to claim the bet of 100 *ḅạ̀d*.

Every first-year student studies at this second campus, but I live behind the first campus, which is an hour away by bus, and have to go there everyday on the 207 bus. The buses are incredibly packed, especially on the way back after the class because everyone always leaves at the same time.

I also attend classes in Astronomy, Japanese, English Literature and Writing, all of which are irrelevant to my degree. In the writing class we learn how to write a *haiku* in English. There are to be three lines, their lengths respectively being 5, 7 and 5 syllables. Then I write the following one.

The cobra poised,

Waiting for its prey to come
closer to its side.

Cuĺạlongkaurṇ Mȧhạvidyạlaï, or Chulalongkorn University officially in English, was built from the remaining of the money that people donated for the purpose of the statue of King Rama V on horse back which was done in France. Thus it was built with an original fund of 950,982.39 *bạd* on a 523.6 acre piece of land in Taṃḅol Pdumvan under King Mongkuḍ who is the son of Rama V, King Culcaum.

Before that there used to be on this piece of land a Mȧhạd́lek school, that is a school for royal pages, which was changed into the new Civil Servant School of King Culcaum on 1 January 1910. On 26 March 1916 King Mongkuḍ changed the premises again into the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ university.

It had four departments, namely Medicine, Public Administration (Raṭhpraśạsnȧśạstr̆), Engineering and the fourth and last faculty, the Department of Literature and Science. The Public Administration Department was transfered to Dharrmśạstr̆ University in 1933. Two independent departments were created in 1934 for Architecture and Pharmacy (Phnạek Prungyạ). Another independent department, Veterinary, was founded in 1937. In 1939 saw two more departments came into being, one Dentistry, the other Commerce and Accountancy. Department of Political Science was created in 1948, Department of Education 1957, Department of Graduate Studies 1961 and Department of Mass Communication and Public Relations 1965.

There are buildings named after Professor Thaeḅ Niḷanidhi, who was Vice-chancellor from 17 August 1957 to 29 August 1961, and Professor M R V Slaḅ Ld́ạvalỳa who was the Secretary from 25 November 1949 until 1 March 1956. Strangely enough, Field-marshal Plạek Biḅụlsonggrạm was the Chancellor from 25 November 1936 to 3 November 1944, and then again from 21 October 1944 until 16 August 1950.

During 1986 and 1987 I sing much. We form a group who travel together often. Our group comprises, among others, Ben, Mūï, Pop and Tŭï. Tặu sings but he never travels with us. He is a good singer, a tenor with light, resonating operatic voice.

Man is also a good tenor but he never sings with us. He is somewhat self-centred and eccentric. He comes to see our production La Traviata

at the auditorium at CU and says that he likes it. His favourite tenor is Placido Domingo (b. 1941) whereas Tặu's is Luciano Pavarotti (b. 1935).

David who sings Alfredo for us in the opera prefers Pavarotti's to Domingo's singing because the the former's method is correct whereas that of the latter is wrong. 'It only works for himself', he says, 'No one knows how it does. It is of no use to others and you get nowhere if you follow him'.

I think that people like his singing because of the tension in it. You expect his voice to crack at anytime, even when no very high notes are involved. The tension is resolved with the completion of each phrase. This tension and resolution make his singing a dramatic and tragic trait.

By contrast, Pavarotti's voice is so relaxed and resonates so well with the surrounding that you hear it coming from everywhere. It engulfs you whole, and in doing so rids all the muscles of your body of tension and while it lasts even your eyes lose their focus.

La Traviata (*the wayward one*, 1853) is an opera in three acts by Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901). The text is written by Francesco Maria Piave (1810–1876) after the drama *La Dame aux Camélias* (1852) by Alexandre Dumas (*fils*, 1824–1895), after his novel of the same title (1848) which is based on his own experience.

This opera is the story of the courtesan Violetta who is loved by and thereby loves Alfredo Germont. She renounces her love to suit the request made by Giorgio who is Alfredo's father. Then he insults her, and has himself denounced by his own father and threatened by Baron Douphol. She dies of consumption in her lover's arm. How tragically romantic!

Alexandre Dumas junior is the son of Alexandre Dumas (1802–1870), also a writer, who in turn is the son of Alexandre Davy de Pailleterie Dumas (1762–1806), a French general and commander of a cavalry of Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821).

The following year, 1987, La Traviata is played in Singapore where David also sings. We go there together in Ben's wagon, the Volkswagen, to watch them play.

I sang the Messiah at the *Vaḍhṇạ* Church in 1986 when Man was the

soloist. I am singing it again now in 1987 when the soloist is Santi who is Man's teacher. He used to conduct the RU Chorus, and so he is also the teacher of Tặ̣u.

He became well-known through his singing the nationalistic songs during the predicament regarding Vietnam and our other communist neighbours, in the decade before about five years ago, some example of the songs of which are *Gvạ̣mfhan an Sụngsuắ* (the highest dream) and *Nhak Phặ̣enắin* (unworthy to live).

Georg Friedrich Händel (1685–1759) wrote the Messiah in 1741. This is the Messiah which, when Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809) heard the chorus sang its 'Hallelujah' in the Westminster Abbey, rose to his feet with the crowd, wept, and said, 'He is the master of us all'.

He can achieve great effects with simple means. The tenor's solo part begins with, "'Come forth thee! Come forth ye my people!", saith your God', and the Hallelujah Chorus, 'Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world is become the Kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever'.

Kaṃdhaur is also a good singer, or so I have heard for I have never heard him sing. I think that he sings bass, but he no longer sings now, only teaches.

Ben introduces me to *Der Ring der Nibelungen* by Richard Wagner (1813–1883) and let me listen to his records of this opera. Kaṃdhaur also like this opera. He often watches it in Bayreuth, in Bavaria, which has been home to the Richard Wagner Festivals since 1876.

On 22 May 1872 the foundation stone for the theatre was laid, and on the same day Wagner conducted Beethoven's 9^{th} symphony in the local theatre. The theatre opened on 13 August 1876 with the Rheingold launching the first complete Ring cycle ever to be given. *Der Ring der Nibelungen* comprises three days' concert and a preliminary evening, dubbed *tetralogy*.

Wagner wrote his own text which is based on the Nibelung Saga. The Nibelungen (Nibelungs) are dwarfs in the German mythology who possess great underground riches, and whose king is Nibelung.

Written by an anonymous author around 1200, the *Nibelungenlied* (the song of the Nibelungs) depicts Siegfried, the master of the Nibelungs'

treasure, being exploited by Gunther to win the hand of Brunhild for him, his marriage with Kriemhild who is Gunther's sister, treacherous murder of Siegfried by Hagen, and the revenge for the same on the latter by his wife Kriemhild.

The four parts of the opera are Rheingold, Die Walküre, Siegfried and Götterdämmerung. In *Das Rheingold* the Nibelung dwarf Alberich renounces love to steal the Rhinegold from the Rhine-maidens. He forges himself a ring and thereby becomes master of the world. Obtained by trick from Alberich, Wotan gives both the Rhinegold and the Ring to the giants Fasolt and Fafner as payment for the building of the Valhalla, the hall in which slain heroes are feasted.

Immediately the ring shows its sinister power, for Fafner kills Fasolt. Wotan begets Siegmund and Sieglinde on earth with the hope that they will one day kill Fafner and restore the ring to the Rhine-maidens. Sieglinde is married to Hunding while Siegmund has to lead a wandering life.

In *Die Walküre* (the Valkyrie), Siegmund pulls the sword Nothung from the rock after having made love with his own sister Sieglinde. Brünnhilde, Wotan's favourite Valkyrie, sides with Siegmund, but Wotan shatters Nothung and kills him. Siegfried is born while Brünnhilde is put to sleep on a rock surrounded by fire. He is brought up by Mime, the dwarf and brother of Alberich.

In *Siegfried*, Mime plans to kill Siegfried but is killed by him first despite the latter having been reared by him. Then with Nothung in his hand and the ring on his finger he shatters Wotan's spear, goes through the fire, wake Brünnhilde up and makes love to her who is his aunt.

In *Götterdämmerung* (the twilight of the gods) Siegfried is drugged by Alberich's son, Hagen, and forgets who he is. He forces his own wife and aunt to marry Gunther, whereby his aunt plans his death with Hagen and Gunther.

He is given the second drug to restore his memory, and dies by Hagen's spear in his back. His wife removes the ring from his finger, puts it on her own and plunge into the flaming pyre to her death together with her horse Grane.

Before you have the time to start counting the hall collapses, the Rhine

overflows, Hagen drowns, Valhalla is all aflame, the kingdom of the gods is destroyed and a new era of love dawns. Obviously in this new era one loves his sister and aunt but never sleeps with them.

This opera was misused by Adolf Hitler (1889–1945) and his ultra-nationalist and racist Nazism, to whom Siegfried was adopted as the ideal youth. Obviously they wanted to get back to the previous era before the gods perished in the Valhalla's flame, and possibly to seek again after the lost ring.

At the Śriṇāgrindrviroṇ University at Prasaṇmitr Tặu, Man and I watch Kaṃdhaur's video of the Bayreuth production of this opera, in which Siegfried cries, 'Nothung! Nothung! neidliches Schwert!'

We also watch on other occasions *Le Nozze di Figaro* (the marriage of Figaro, 1786) by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791), and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (the barber of Seville, 1816) by Gioacchino Rossini (1792–1868). Both of these operas are based on a novel by Pierre Augustin Caron Beaumarchais (1732–1799), that is *le Barbier de Séville* (1775) and *le Mariage de Figaro* (1784, some say it was from *La Folle Journée, ou Le Mariage de Figaro* of 1778) in the opposite order.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia is a story of the courting and marriage of Count Almaviva with Rosina who is under the guardian of Bartolo, who wants to marry her himself. Almaviva disguises first as Lindoro, a poor student, and then as Don Alonso, a singing teacher. The marriage is seen to by Figaro, a barber and factotum.

This story has also been made into operas by Elsperger (1783), Benda (1785), Schulz (1786), Isouard (1796), Morlacchi (1816), Dallargine (1868) and Graffigna (1879).

Le Nozze di Figaro is a story of the marriage between Figaro and Susanna. The Count wants to make love to the latter, and Bartolo wants to trap Figaro into marrying Marcellina. Both Marcellina and Bartolo, however, turn out to be Figaro's parents. In the garden the Count courts his own wife, who is in the disguise of Susanna. All ends well.

Albeit his unaccustomed skill, Mozart only writes customary music. It is said that he laughs at the idea of being original, and yet his music bears the most distinct mark that can seldom be mistaken for those of

the others.

May be one of the reasons for this is that he inspires none and is followed by no one. He remained a prodigy until his death, never philosophised or became a philosopher.

One should approach music differently depending on whether he is a listener, scholar, musician, or composer. The listener listens first, and then finds out about the form later. The scholar must know both the structure and the harmony to be able to probe and discuss what he hears. The musician, on the other hand, never listen before he has played the piece first, otherwise he risks the influence of other people's interpretation on his. The composer must wrestle with form unless he is content to write only small pieces.

Music is a communication, but not every piece of music is meant for everyone. Most pieces are a communication from the composer to the listener, others from the same to the scholar or musician. But nowadays there are more and more communications between composers.

Ben says, 'The purpose of music is to communicate', when I observe that his repertoire reaches as far as the early romantic period and there stops. I mention to him Arnold Schönberg (1874–1951) and Paul Hindemith (1895–1963), to which he says, 'Music no longer has any meaning to me unless it can communicate'.

Schönberg may be unable to communicate with Ben through his music, but whether this was his purpose is questionable. A composer should contribute new ideas and create new things, or at the least he should carry on from where his predecessor has stopped.

Schönberg, or at least some of his later works, communicates with composers, which include his students. His understanding and insight into the working of harmony (*Manual of Harmony*, 1911) can find no equals. He profoundly influences the music of the 20^{th} century.

In this way one may say that he stands in a status similar to that of Beethoven. But while it is sometimes said that he influences the Neo-romantic School, as Stravinsky does the Anti-romantic, Beethoven influences all the schools that come after him.

Atonal music should always be viewed as a communication among composers. It is a probe into the working of the ears as much as abstract

paintings that of the eyes. Both help us understand better how our mind works.

We travel to various places in Daiï. We go to the national park Khaoyh̆ăị which is in the Bnomd́ongrak Mountain Range and covers the areas of four provinces, namely Nȧgaurnạyok, Nȧgaurrạjsịmạ, Prạcịnbụrị and Srabụrị. It was known in the past as the D́ongbyạfai, a dense and deadly jungle that divided the middle part of Daiï from the northeast. In 1922 some 30 people settled there, and on 18 September 1962 it became the first national park of Daiï. The highest peak here is the Khao Ròm at 1,351 metres. Others average approximately 1,000-metre high.

In 1987 I live at a dormitory at the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University. My room mates are Cīaḅ, Ké̩ and Nhĭng.

Yhí also lives here on a different floor. I go together with him to the wharfs at Glaungtoeï because there is a peace ship that sails around the world carrying books which they sell cheaply. I buy quite a few books, some of which prove not so interesting. But there is a very good one called *Worlds in Collision* by Immanuel Velikovsky.

My beloved Ace, was it you who asked me whether we love each other, or was it I who were dreaming? I am afraid I answered you too late, but let me tell you something on the matter regarding England and the Inter-Rail Ticket.

The first time that I went to England it was for a job training. I was doing my Bachelor of Engineering in Mineral Engineering at the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University in Bạngkauk.

As every third-year student, who was called a junior, had to have a training with a company during his summer vacation, and I did not want to do mine in Daiï, I had tried hard to find opportunities to go working abroad. The reason why I did not want to take what was called an engineering practice course in Daiï was that I did not want to study the Mineral Engineering.

During the second term of my first year at the faculty when we were allowed to choose our main subject, I chose mine Electrical, Computer, Mechanical, Petroleum, Chemical, Mining Engineering and so on. There were about thirteen engineering branches for us to choose from and I put Mining Engineering as my sixth choice.

That year Electrical Engineering was a hit, and my number two through to five were taken up by so many students as their first choice so I was left with my Mining one. The Mineral Engineering was a part of Mining Engineering and came later.

As you can see that I did not want that subject in the first place, I always tried to switch to Electrical Engineering thereafter. But because of my poor grades, which started right at the very beginning of my career studying at Cuĺạ and without which I would have got my first choice of major in the first place anyway, I never managed to get anywhere near my dream.

Looking back now I think I like Mineral Engineering. When I was in New Zealand I took Geology and went fossil-hunting with my teacher whose acknowledged nickname among his students was Worm, but you shouldn't let him hear you calling him that of course.

But I always did what people around me did and always followed what was fad at the time, so I had nearly no qualm at all in choosing Electrical Engineering when I was asked to choose something. Many of my friends did the same thing anyway, so why not?

From my childhood on I had been turning away from my dreams one by one, starting from my wanting to study Astronomy, and then Cosmology, and then Engineering, before I came back to that last one again.

Yes I was a happy child in a sense. I did what my friends did and got on well all right. And no, I was not a happy child in a sense that I had not nearly enough of myself to hold on to. You know what I mean.

In order to find a place to fulfil my dream of doing the engineering practice abroad (one reason for this was that I wanted to do the job training at an electrical engineering firm instead of in a mine which I thought I hated at the time) I went to the British Council in Ḅạngkauk and looked up a directory of companies in UK. Having noted down about twenty addresses, having looked at them for a while not knowing what I should do I went to visit Guṇ Aṃnạc to seek advice. In Daiï Guṇ is a prefix to be put in front of a person's name to imply a somewhat high regard felt toward that person, much the same as *san* is in Japan for example Hashimoto *san* (Mr Bridgesfoot, possibly).

Also as in the case of *san*, Guṇ is a title with equality between both sexes, that is it can be used before a female's as well as before a male's name. You must never call anyone *kuṇ*, of course, because that means a disabled person. *Khun*, however, means a king, and that is even better flattering than the *guṇ* provided that you knew how to use it.

Aṃnạc and I got to know each other while I was a first year student at the Rạmgaṃhạeng University, which was then the only open-university in Daiï. It is located in Bạngkauk. I was a tenor in the university's chorus called the Rạmgaṃhạeng University Chorus or RU Chorus for short.

One day I followed a group of a few members in the choir to visit his home for an interview. *Guṇ* Aṃnạc was an architect and the wooden two-storey house he rented on Sukhumvid 43 Road was the office of his own company as well as his home.

The house was air-conditioned and was furnished with the right proportion of Daiï somewhat-antiques and music. A full-sized concert grand had its body stashed away under the stairs which turned up toward the second floor. On one side of it stood a wall of the house, on the other lay the part of the same stair before the landing. The lighting inside the house were all table lamps and ceiling spot-lights with warm-toned colour. The lamps were all incandescent and none fluorescent.

Having said that, the Rạmgaṃhạeng University was started in 1971 whereas the Dharrmśạtṙ University began in 1934 as an open-university. But the latter later closed itself. No, it has not closed itself *down* but simply *closed* itself, which is the more pity since I could have gone there instead for all I know, which in turn could have meant a pity for *them* there.

The name 'Ramkamhaeng' is the English name of the university, while 'Rạmgaṃhạeng' the Daiï name, which has become a possible rendering of the correct Daiï spelling since December 2001 when I discovered the method *alone* while living, sadly also alone, at the then new Sir Charles Groves Hall of Residence in Manchester, UK.

So if a nobody should say otherwise, there you have the information. But do not judge him for he knew not what he did. But that is a matter for another time in the present world.

I went to the border of the Snowdonia National Park. And I was also in Liverpool on the very day that the football fans there accidentally crushed (unbelievable) one another to death (60 persons, Jesus!)

I went sailing from Portsmouth to Cherbourg and back. Rough sea on the way there it was, but smooth as silk on the return trip. We walked in that small but lovable French town when my friends bought some wine. We then sat together outside and in the sun to have our coffee.

I had to talk with the police upon returning to the UK because I only had a single entry visa, but fortunately (for me) we have with us a professor so there was no problem. Actually it was *his* boat.

I felt knocked about in the car on the way back home.

Regarding my InterRail ticket, it was bought (the ticket) in Dover. With it I went to Belgium, Luxembourg, sleeping on board the trains in general, but only during the nights when there was nothing to see. The Rhein is magnificent, and that is all I can say about it for I only look at it from the window of the train.

I slept in the Frankfurt am Main Station, at a police station in Denmark. Then I gave myself a change and try sleeping in a train, only to find myself waking up in Sweden. I still have not fully woken up when I met a guy. I nearly quarrelled with him because of his unfriendly look.

But it turned out that was only because he thought I was from Japan and probably very rich. And I can tell you no one was then (1989) richer than the Swedish except (perhaps a few) Japanese. Oh! them and the Queen, you know which queen I am talking about. But I told him I was from Daiï, and suddenly we became friends. He said that I must be very poor, and I was not offended for in fact I am very poor.

He was like a child. We all are, like a child I mean. So like children we visited his mother in his home town by a beautiful lake. This home of his where his mother lived overlooks the lake. I ate the most delicious biscuits I had ever eaten at his home, made by his mother. He must have been worried lest I ate all his biscuits, for we are soon off again.

He took me to the pizza in the cold outside by the road, like they do in the Wild West. You may be interested to know that while *krone* is the currency of Norway and Denmark, that of Sweden and Iceland is *krona*. I never asked him who was going to pay for the pizza (because it was

him who took me away from the biscuits, remember?). And he never said he would treat me to the pizza, but we both knew that I had no money, no kronas anyhow, and somebody has to pay for the food.

The country around us was very hilly. We went to his farm house, or rather *their* farm house because he lives and works in Stockholm.

We watched a concert in a shop's opening ceremony. It was a ceremony even though there were not ten people attending it. The town is that small, and everyone knows everyone here. The fiddle made it very homely and I nearly cried, but for you my dear.

Now, did the pizza come before or *after* the concert, that *is* the question. Anyhow it was not that but the beer which I drank that put me to sleep inside the warm train. Never forget to take off your jacket (I was going to say clothes, forgive me) on the train in a cold country, because while the train's heater is the regulator of the car's temperature it is you who are the regulator of your own body's temperature.

To cut things short, I missed my station. So carried on to the Ofotel (I keep thinking it was Otofel) line across to Norway. Beautiful! 'It is all snowy and white and black are the only two colours', you might have said. But, Oh! dear this was romantic. And I *thought* that was what you were.

I hitchhiked down the coast of Norway, firstly in a pick-up truck to the people inside which we talked about China's Tiananmen, then in an old lady's car whose driving was so exciting together with the winding road and the steep cliffs I am glad when it was over.

Driving she talked with gestures and turned to look at me, fiords, Norway's five fiords or five fingers, sang national anthems, Daiï first by me then Norway's, she remembered the king of Daiï's visit to Norway right after his coronation, she thought he was very handsome more so than locals, got some coins I am not yet homeless, and I am no mad man, but I am a nomad man. Do you copy? You know I will only change for you dear, into anything.

But we are in our dream, for life is but a dream. So if we dream tonight that would be the dream of a dream, and if in our dream we happen to be dreaming, that is yet a dream within the dream of a dream. You can go on and on in this manner, and of course there is a limit to sanity!

Hungary! As I have told you before that I had applied for traineeships with AIESEC, Daiï, and got accepted. In the summer holiday of 1990 while I was during my fourth year at the university I decided to go to Hungary for the training. Because I had to study one more year since I was both trying to finish a degree in Mineral Engineering and at the same time trying to take as many subjects in Electrical Engineering as possible as a step toward a hopefully second degree in Electrical Engineering, I had to ask for a short four-month training instead of the offered two-year one.

My job was supposed to be that of a programmer at 10,000 forints, which was approximately 100 US dollars a month, as the Forint was at that time approximately at the same value as the Yen was except that one was not even a hard currency while the other was rock solid.

As about how I managed to get through the procedure of applying with AIESEC, first we had an English Exam which followed what the IELTS was and thus was considered difficult, even more difficult than the TOEFL organised every few months by the Americans, or at least that was what the general feeling was anyway.

I represented as an applicant from an open university, and thus stood a meagre chance in passing even that first round. I came out first, surpassing applicants from all other more prestigious universities. That would not have been a surprise if everyone had known that I was studying at the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University myself.

My double roles of being a student at the best and the worst (in other people's standard, neither in God's nor mine) universities at the same time had at times led to interesting situations such as this one, and even to dilemmas sometimes. Fortunately there was no AIESEC club at Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University in 1990 since it had been closed down some years ago due to circumstances unknown to me, so I did not have to compete with any of my colleagues, or my juniors or my seniors.

Then there came an interview which was held one person at a time and in English. I had a feeling that the interview had not been necessary in my case since every one would like me to go anyway, if only because of the enormous efforts the AIESECers of RU had put in finding companies here who are willing to receive trainees from abroad. Automatically applicants from RU should have had the largest share of all the quotas of traineeships available, but since its students could rarely pass the first round of the multiple-choice exam it nearly always

get the least.

In other words, had I not made it through the interviewing every one would surely have questioned the interviewers, 'Are you nut? What the matter was wrong with Kit?' and so on.

After having passed the written and oral exams there was only matching left, where applicants were matched with suitable companies from the then 72 countries all over the world. I got matched to a company in Budapest to work as a programmer.

That was in 1988 and Hungary was still a communist country. Not wanting to go to what was then called an Eastern Block country, which meant a communist country in Eastern Europe, I decided to go to England for my job training in 1989 after having postponed my schedule with AIESEC until the following year.

When next year actually came, Hungary had suddenly became a democratic country. So I decided that I would like to go there as a trainee with AIESEC.

When at last came the summer of 1990 which was my fourth and supposedly last year at the university, I found out that I had still one more year of study to go before I could graduate as a Mineral Engineer. Therefore I had to shorten my two and a half year plan to four months in order to just fit the traineeships into one summer vacation, much the same as when I went to England the previous year. The only difference was that, unlike in 1989, this time I told my parents where I was going to be during the summer holidays.

No, the reason I did this was not repentance, but simply because I had somehow upset everybody in my family last year when no one knew where I was and they had not heard from me at all during the net period of four months. And I was asked never to do that again. Anyway, I am no nuts so I should know by myself that there is no future in doing this kind of thing twice. And I did not want to be tied down to my bed if it ever came to that.

This time I bought a return ticket from a travel agency which said I was going to fly the Polish Air since the price was the lowest. Price has always been a major concern to me. It was especially so then when I was still a student. So I finished my last exam of that year, had about two days in order to pack my things, and then off I went to Warsaw for

a transit and then to Budapest my destination.

When I arrived I was welcomed by two AIESECers there. One of them was Szitzo, a plumb girl with a huge pair of breasts with very likeable manner who was going to be my personal counsellor during my time in Budapest, or so I was told.

They took me by car to the apartment where I was going to live. I lived in an apartment where we, on the very first evening that I arrived, went out at once, to a party. I never liked parties you see. But now I live for one and it all began from my time here in Budapest. Rob from Canada, Timo West Germany, Tanya from Australia, they are all great folks, that is only if you compare them with me of course. Before the German Reunification it was, and I was then 23 or 24, so you know now how old I am.

We have AIESEC meetings (what else would you expect, I am an AIESEC trainee) and study tours. One of the conferences we had was at a hotel, which was closed to all other guests apart from us. There I drank lots of vodka and tried the Hungarian dances. It is only a pity (or a pity only?) that for the former I now forget everything about the latter.

One public telephone at the hotel was out of order in such a way that you may make a call absolutely free of charge. I called people in Daiï at three in the morning, which is eight or nine in Daiï. I phoned home and then to a friend, who did not believe that I was calling from Europe. 'You are kidding!', she said.

We stayed at the hotel. There were plenty of rooms for us to freely choose from. The building has around 5 to 6 floors.

When I woke up at nine in the morning to go to work I had to climb the windows of the third or fourth floor. These German guys whom I politely asked to keep their voice low the previous night had locked the door from the outside. They did not want me to be able to go to work even if I could get some sleep among the din they made.

I always sought a room with windows opening towards the East. Last night before going to bed I was fuzzy swapping rooms.

Szentendre is at the bend of the Donau (Danube) north of Budapest. Budapest is divided into three parts, namely Buda, Old Buda and Pest.

Buda is hilly with underground caves, forest and castles. Rich families and those in the Party live there.

The caves are wide and have many tiers. You only climb down to certain levels. There are shafts of bottomless pit with the frightening darkness when you peer down into them. Parts of these caves were used for prisoners in the past. These could have been political prisoners. Here are on display torturing tools, for example there are several cages to put a person into, one with spikes inside, another dipped down a water hole, and yet another so small.

We did some orienteering, when we walked far and wide, to the castle for instance. I sang songs together with four or five friends in the street, at the square where the British Council is. People gave us money which they put in the hat which we put down in front of us. This is a part of the orienteering. It is like a Herculean task.

We swam at pools which are outdoor. One of these are on an island in the middle of Donau. We walked there across a bridge on one cold day. The pool has an elongated shape and is very long, more than a hundred metres, more likely 150, I would say. For I kept swimming on and on but never reach the other side. In the end this happened. Then I walked over to a lawn, and there lay myself down in the sun.

We also went to wine cellars. Once in one of these we drank warm wine served in litre-flasks. Some musicians were playing the dulcimer, violin, and viola.

Outside the place was a carousel which we went on when we first arrived at this place. Somebody there who had the key let us play on it for a while even though the fun ground was closed. The wobbling disc revolved so fast that it was so scary.

We sang songs and played games and puzzles over the table. These we challenged each other over our, and then other tables gave us several more to solve. I managed to solve a few of them, and thereby a few others were passed on to me which I also solved.

Then people stood up and drank to my health. Before they did that, they sang in resounding voices the song the favourite of us which says nothing apart from 'Bravo!' and 'Bravissimo!' Let α be the former while β the latter, then the words of song we sang is, $4\alpha\beta\alpha\beta\alpha\beta4\alpha\beta$.

You may stop looking at the moon now. I have given up looking at it since who know when. Why? Because I never found you there. Telepathy only works if you know how to turn it on at the same time. Myself, I shall never know how to work these gadgets, technologies are never for me (though I am for them). Is it not called sympathy? I keep forgetting things, the memory is failing me. Oh, my health be no good as usual but I still remember you.

The meanderings of the *Càobrayạ* River are simply baffling. Looking at the map it is a wonder that no one has tried to put a bypass in at Brapraḍạeng and thus shorten it there by more than 30 times. Should this be ḍone, however, the port at Glaungtoeï would soon find itself without enough water to run a paper boat, and that would never do. This is probably the reason for having no such bypasses.

One could also notice that whenever there had been a bypass of the river it was always done in such a manner that the island thus formed lay on the western side of the new course of the river, never on the eastern one. The Kreḍ Island in Nondḅuriṇ is another one of such examples. I wonder whether this could be the result of some superstition.

During the *Ayudhyạ* Period when Ḅạngkauk was an agricultural area which was nearly completely surrounded by such a bend. Ironically the place where Ḅạngkauk is now is not Ḅạngkauk but on the opposite bank of the river to the east of it.

The place where *Tạksin* the Great built his new capital was in Ḅạngkauk, and in theory should have been completely surrounded by existing body of water, the Cào Brayạ River on the right and the old course of that river elsewhere. But the latter by then had dried up considerably, and on that side lay the Burmese. It is a matter of course that one should distant himself from a roguish neighbour, and that is essentially what Rama I did for he moved the capital to the eastern side of the river and thereby put it between himself and the direction of Burma. The *Khmẹr* on our back never attacked us.

It is generally assumed that the history of Daiï includes the Sukhṍdaï and the *Ayudhyạ* periods. In general we only know when kings reigned and when they died. The dates of birth of the kings are still lacking in Daiï history.

Ayudhyạ had 33 kings, namely

Ramadhiḅḍ̀ị I (*Ŭḍạung*) who reigned during 1350–1369,
Rạmẹśoar 1369–1370 and 1388–1395,
Rạjạdhirạj I (Bngọ̀a) 1370–1388,
Daunglan 1388,
Rạmrạjạ 1395–1409,
Indrạdhirạj 1409–1424,
Rạjạdhirạj II (Sạm Brayạ) 1424–1448,
Trailọknạth 1448–1488,
Rạjạdhirạj III 1488–1491,
Rạmạdhiḅḍ̀ị II 1491–1529,
Rạjạdhirạj IV (Nhặu Buddhạngkụr) 1529–1533,
Raṣḍ̀ạdhirạj 1533–1534,
Jaïrạjạdhirạj 1534–1546,
Yaudfạ̄ or Kàeöfạ̄ 1546–1548,
Mȧhạcakrbarrḍ́i 1548–1568,
Mȧhinddhạdhirạj 1568–1569,
Mȧhạdharrmrạjạ 1569–1590,
Nrẹśoar the Great 1590–1605,
Ekạdośroth 1605–1610,
Śrịsaovbhạgỳ 1610,
Drongdharrm 1610–1628,
Jẹṣṭhạdhirạj 1628–1629,
Ạdityȧvongśx 1629,
Prạsạddaung 1629–1656,
Càofājaiï 1656,
Śrịsudarrmrạjạ 1656,
Nạrạïṇ the Great a 1656–1688,
Bẹdrạjạ 1688–1703,
Sarrbejỳa VIII (Sụa) 1703–1708,
Dāïsra 1708–1732,
Bṛomkọ́ś 1732–1758,
Udumbaur 1758, and
Ẹkdaś 1758–1767.

Jaïrạjạdhirạj communicated with China and Portugal, so he dug (1534–37, others say 1522) the canal as the result of which the old course of the river which went around Bạngkauk is now reduced to the Bạngkauknāuï, Bạngkhunśrị (Jakbra) and Bạngkaukỵhặị (Bạnglhoang) canals.

At this time the roads in Bạngkauk do nothing apart from following the courses of the canals. For example, the Ặunnuj Road which follows

the Praveṣ̌buriṛomẏa Canal, the Bejrb̀uriṛ and the Rạmgaṃhạeng which follow the Sạensạeb̀ Canal (built by Rama III in 1837), and the Vibhạvd́iṛ Rangsit which follows the Prẹṃ Prajạkaur Canal (built by Rama V in 1870). The Prapạ Canal is the cleanest canal in B̀ạngkauk because its water is used for making the water supply of the city, hence the name. The Prajạjù̀en Road follows it faithfully all the way on the west.

I prepare nothing when the subject is the English language, except perhaps on the last day before the exam. But I always either come out top of the class or get an A.

But I love the English Literature something or another of which I always read. I read apart from Shakespeare (1564–1616) Dickens (1812–1870) and Mark Twain (1835–1910).

You approach a book as you do a new puzzle. You recreate things that appeared in the mind of the writer and has happened again many times in the mind of other readers. Though it has been four centuries since Shakespeare lived, a part of his thought comes to life again in my mind while I read his works.

Once published, a book may have neither past, present, nor future. It is like a line which runs along side and parallel to us in both time and space, waiting for us to tap into it and let our imagination experience what it contains.

Before sitting an exam in English I would read some literary works in order that my mind may think fluently in English not in Daiï. This method can be applied to other things too, for example to studying for an Engineering degree. Here you never tackle the theories until you have seen the problems, the same way that you look upon the grammar as the means not the end.

Less lucky than you I am, for I still have not discovered this. As a consequence of this, the results in my study plummet until my prospect looks as hopeless and impossible as no one could dare imagine.

There is a song which compares the tree Cạmcuriṛ (*Samanea saman*) in the different seasons to the state of mind of the students during different period through out their study. First-year students are compared with this tree when it is at the peak of its beauty. Being pampered by their seniors and finding out many new things they are happy until the study gets tougher, the time of which is compared to the tree when

its leaves are falling. The most difficult period is when the pods are falling, which is compared to a student whose study results have been so bad that the one to come will soon decide whether he will be able to to carry on with his study.

Another song is from the Daiï Navy. It is about the Pradǘ̆ (*Pterocarpus indicus*), the tree the flowers of which are well known for their unusual blooming and falling characteristic. All its flowers is said to bloom together, and when the time comes they would fall together until no flowers are left on the tree. This characteristic makes people use them as a symbol of the navy. Here the crews go where and when goes their ship, and all are in trouble if it should sink.

This song is memorable to me because I heard it when I was about twelve, when my father took my sister *Nhăung* and me on a trip organised by the Royal Navy Society. We stayed at the naval base in Sathịḅ. I listened to all the songs of the navy that they played on the bus until I knew them well.

I also became used to sitting in my window seat on the bus so much that I had a strange feeling getting into my father's car after we had returned to *Jiangmhăi*, the same feeling it is, to what a sailor feels when he is back on land after having been at sea for months, except that it was no more than several days in this case.

Everyone in Ḅaṇgkauk is fed up with the traffic here. I have no ideas why they could not or would not build an underground train. There is this believe that the water-table here is high. But tunnels for trains have been built under channels all over the world where they must be under the water-table, so I do not know where the true trouble lies.

What makes it worse to me is that there are neither day-passes nor term-tickets on the bus, so you cannot get off the bus when the traffic comes to a standstill because then you would need to buy another ticket if you were to get on another bus later. I always say to Ben that I long for the time when we have day-passes on the bus, and in 2002 this dream is to be realised.

On 30 December 1991 I contact Coignaud regarding the designers from France. I am now working at Loxley, a sales engineer who sells the circuit breakers Unelec. In the evening I meet *Mhặem* at the her dormitory in the Rama Hospital. There is a New Year party at Loxley this evening and we go there together.

I begin to study German at the Goethe Institut in Ḅaṇgkauk. On Thursday 2nd January 1992 I go to the Institut on the *zauï* Arrthkaṛprasiddh to apply, and on Saturday 11th January my first lesson starts.

We meet PODC people quite often. We go together the Pata department store at Pĭnklào on Monday 6th January for a dinner at the Suki Deluxe. I also make quotations of our products to both Vaurcakr and TEP, and we get in touch with both Roncelli and Bouygues-Thai.

Get visits people at these companies regularly because it is his responsibility to entertain the customers. I only do quotations. I do not yet know much about the working of circuit breakers and the design of an electrical power system. Practical Engineering sometimes make the cabinets for our breakers.

I use my degree in Mining Engineering to work here, and I am studying for another Bachelor of Engineering in Electrical Engineering. There is an exam on Illumination in the morning of Monday 20th January.

I still study Computer Science at Raṃgaṃhaeng, the open university. On Saturday 25th January *Mhặem* and I go to Rayaung together and on Friday 31st I have to hand in an Assembly language assignment.

By March 1992 I have already begun my study of the French language at the l'Alliance Française on Saḍhaurtàị Road, Ḅaṇgkauk. My classmate here, Ṭhitinaṭh, was born on 23rd March and we are going to celebrate it somewhere a week later than the actual date.

I still sell the Unelec circuit breaker, and we have one project in our hand for Ḅàn Soanbejr waiting for delivery.

I have applied again for AIESEC traineeships, and again they will offer me a place to go to Hungary, this time for one and a half year. But I decline the opportunity and will come to regret it afterwards.

I also apply for a Youth Ship programme which is a programme for East-Asian countries. Each year the programme puts university students from various countries together on a ship and sails them to all the member countries, stopping at each one to promote peace and foster relationship. My application, however, comes to nothing.

On Saturday 20*th* June 1992 we have a party again at the house of

Coeḱ who is my senior both from Montfort College and here at the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University, or Chulalongkorn in a typical spelling for that matter. He is now teaching Chemical Engineering at CU. This party is held annually for everyone who is both related to MC and CU.

Every year there is plenty of food and drink. Half of the men stay overnight. Half way into the party somebody sees the girls home because it is getting late. We carry on drinking, watch the videos, listen to music, or sleep in his room which is air-conditioned. The house is built of wood with a part of it over a large pond where fishes are bred for food. During the night if someone wants to throw up he can just open a lid in the wall, stick his head out and do it into the pond below. The fish will eat all that and later they too will be eaten.

This is just what I do tonight. It has been two years since I lived in Budapest. Also this is Daiï where it is hot and humid, and what I drink is no vodka but whisky, and mixed with some carbonated drinks at that. This makes one get drunk easier.

The following day is Sunday 21st and there is an Environment-related exhibition at the Queen Sirikit Convent Centre.

In July I could meet *Mọ* and *Dę̄ng* the latter of whom I have not seen for many years, that is since we both entered university.

This is my year again the second time in a row, I have passed all the requirement for the BS at RU and have graduated since 15 May 1992. I know this on 13 August, but have pre-registered for the next term since 27 July just in case I did not graduate. It has taken me a long time, that is since 24 June 1985 when I first began studying at the university.

August is really an exam month. I have two on Friday 14th, namely one for Power System I and another one for Control System Analysis II. The following day, that is Saturday 15th, I have an exam for German at the Goethe Institut.

In Engineering we have apart from lectures laboratories for the various subjects. For these we have to write reports. The idea is for us to have a hand-on practice in what we have previously learnt in theory, and to be able to analyse the real results.

But everyone and every group look at the reports written by students of the previous year. Some of us copy these verbatim, others do it more

nobly but in essence still follow them. There is nothing one can do about this. One either does it to get an A, or write one's own reports and make do with a D.

This term I have three labs to do, namely Control System, the Energy Conversion I and Power System II. In September I have all the exams, that is to say, the Control System II on the 22nd and the Power System II on the 29th. On 19th September alone I have exams for the Control System Lab, Energy Conversion I Lab, and the oral exam at the l'Alliance Française.

There is another exam for the lab, that is the one for Electronic Device which is on 1st October. On the same day I move within the company from the Engineering Instruments Sales Section to the Business Development Department. My new job is to bid for the Bangkok Metropolitan Administration's Waste Water Treatment projects, the overall value at this stage of which is approximately 5 billion *ḅaḍ*s.

In October my French class resumes on the 3rd, I have a final exam for Microprocessor on the 6th and a Test of English as a Foreign Language on the 24th.

Nuḍ́ị, Ron's secretary and my colleague, has lent me books for the TOEFL test, but I have been too busy with all the exams already mentioned to be able to read them.

Moreover, my new position means a busier one and I have to examine all the quotations from manufacturers and dealers from all over the world. Our facsimile machine never stops, not even during the night. Every morning we find a long ribbon of the faxes that have come from overseas lying on the floor waiting for us. This is not to mention all the local dealers that we come into touch, as well as small shops that we need to look around our office in the Chinatown for things like a few trolleys.

I take the TOEFL test to help me in my profession, not to get into a university, but the results that come out are quite all right for I get a score of 647. The result for the Test of Written English where I have misjudged the time and failed to complete also is not so bad as I thought, I got 4 out of 6.

To obtain the scaled total score of TOEFL, the first step is to add together the scores of all the three sections. The second step is then to

divide the sum by three, and then multiply the result obtained by ten. For example, my score for the first section was 59, for the second 68, and for the third 67. To turn this into the official score normally quoted, divide by three and then multiply by ten to obtain 647, or to be exact 646.66...rounded to the nearest integer.

As another example, the total score for the exam I took was 65 for the first section, 68 for the second, and 67 for the third and last. Adding this up you get 200. Then according to the second step above you obtain 666.66666... *ad infinitum*. This has to be rounded into the nearest integer, that is 667. This I have to work out by myself because the organiser of the TOEFL does not make known the way they calculate the scores.

On 1st November 1991 I begin my Japanese class.

What a bad day to commence writing my first page of diary, Wednesday 30^{th} March 1994 . I really want to write everyday if I have time to. I expect it to be a relaxing activity to do. After all these failures in my life I feel like refreshing myself up a little bit and find something to do.

But there is no need to panic, for I do not usually write a diary. This is something special already, and what is more half of it is lost in a flood. So to put it roughly you will only hear the first half of each day, that is the half the writing of which has not been dissolved in the water.

Today I wake up to my CD player as usual. I take my bicycle to work and do not come home for lunch, which is unusual. It gets cloudy just before noon but never rains as far as I know. After my Chinese class in the evening I eat at the dormitory of CU, then go to meet my parents at my sister's place. My father still drives the small Daihatsu van.

The result of the exam to study the MBA programme at Darrmśạstṙ has come out, and I have not passed. It is true there is no such thing as a free lunch. I had better not pass the exam than do pass it and find myself studying very hard, only to become like some of the people whom I know who are studying or have studied there, to mention but a few Suriỵa and Denky.

Oh! not that I have anything against them. I think they are nice folks. It is just that I think they are a little peculiar. I will never go so far as to say that I think they are inhuman in a way. If they are smart, well-organised, and perfect, then I guess that I may be nothing

but object-oriented. I am neither clever, I must admit, nor am I good at anything at all, as far as I can think of. I did not do well at the piano, did not get myself a UE from New Zealand, did not pass the Jiangmhăị University's medical faculty's entrance's test, failed to pass it again the following year, could not enter the medical faculty at CU, failed to get a place to study Electrical Engineering, had to study longer than others in Mineral Engineering, failed the Youth Ship Programme's tests four times, and so on.

> When the step ahead seems all to me too far,
> When the gap that divides is that one of the farthest star,
> I have never doubt the value of the few good things that I have learnt
> and never think that I should regret the misfortune.
> For the few good experiences I have seen
> are more important than the money I have earned.

I will come to like, in nine years' time, the number 4, because it is the quickest way to draw a cross without lifting your pen. Christ dies so that directly reach God we may.

Thursday 31st March 1994 I bring lunch with me to the office of Telecom Asia, and find out that it is such a good thing to do. There are very few people around during lunch time and it makes me feel on air. The office is not cramped with people from three or four companies. Some faces of the people whom I consider bad are also not around.

In the Telecom Asia office on the 17th Floor where I am working now there are also employees of Anderson, Sinobrit and system programmers who are from Malaysia. In the afternoon after work I go to the office of the Polygram Design to pick up an IEEE Computer Society Letter. I walk back to TA office and meet Somjạï with this colleague. We talk at a small food shop nearby. At the Fortune Town I meet Nāṃ. He has been fired recently.

In Master of Business Administration you study among other things Micro- and Macro Economics, Accounting, Finances, Management and how to manage portfolios. All these profits, how to deal with people, how to close a sale and how to make something sound convincing without regards of what it really is. It is fine if you are a businessman by nature or experience and deal with your friends and the people you know for maximum profits for oneself. But when it comes to studying these things for a master degree or higher, it is a most wicked thing

one can possible do to his fellow men. He who does it intends harm and has no well intentions for other people. I am not exaggerating.

At this moment I am trying to read Mark Twains, higher mathematics, for example Real Analysis and Functional Analysis, languages, for example Chinese, Russian, Japanese, French, German, all the subjects mentioned in the last paragraph, and others. I wish I could produce something concrete and tangible out of what I have read too. Astronomy and music are the two things I used to love. I would like to start it all again.

Friday 1st April, I take a sick leave and just go to the library at the American University Alumni. I think that it is a good thing to take sick leaves sometimes to have time for yourself.

At the library I read some newspapers. There seem to be no job advertisements on it that I like. Some require that you are an MBA graduate. Others require UNIX and ISO-9000 knowledge. I read some magazines, for example the National Geographics, Art Reviews, The Chronicles and Virtual Realities.

I have *klòaïdauḱ* (deep-fried battered banana) and *khạ̀ömàodauḱ* (fried and made from rice) for lunch and watch the exhibition to promote measures against a water crisis. Then I read some literature and some of the books on management. I am determined to study the various subjects by myself.

On Saturday I come to the British Council library only to find that it is closed. The security guard tells me that it will be open on the 5th April.

I go to the River City Hotel to have a look at the Handicraft Fair and at the room where they monthly hold the auction. These auctions are for the porcelain and antiques. In fact they are going to have one this afternoon at 1.30 pm. I do not think I want to see it, so I come back to the TA office and there read some newspapers.

Ben thinks that when you are an employer you are forever under the owner of the company, that is so long as you remain working with his company. 'No matter whether you become a manager and have a salary of 100,000 *ḅạ̣d*s or more a month,' he used to say, 'The fact is that the company profits from what you do by the million'.

On Sunday I stay all day in my room, just sleeping, reading books, and watch the BBC and Star TV. There are a few interesting programme, for example the fashion show and a film about a werewolf teenage boy. I read some IEEE newsletters, books on finance, engineering and language. There are some documentary programmes on the BBC about drug abuses in the Great Britain. It is going from bad to worse. Many children use drug, even a child of only ten.

The video player is out of order again. I do not know what is wrong with it. I want to learn how to do everything myself, including repairing videos. I will learn how to design electrical and electronic appliances when I have the time.

I have begun to write and do things with my left hand instead of my right hand as I usually did. It is difficult. But who know, it might come in handy one day.

It is not Monday again already! My boss tells me in the morning that I will lower the morale of my colleagues by doing other things during working hours, 4th April 1994. I guess I have spoken too much again, as usual. I have told every one of my friends that I am trying to move to the engineering section. Now I find myself in an uneasy situation. What if they never let me move?

I do not want to work as a security officer anymore because there is nothing more that I could learn. I want to do some other things where I can grow as a person. As there is no place for me to move to within the company, I want to resign. It is never in my mind to behave badly in order to be fired and entitled to a three-month compensation package. It is not more money that I want but something more worthwhile to do. I may be stupid to resign before I can find a new job, but anyway I have made up my mind.

I hand in the resignation letter and say that I will carry on doing the job as usual in the mean time. In my heart I know full well that I will have to be without a job for a while yet. To make things worse, this is also a summer holiday and the time when new graduates are looking for job.

I take Tuesday off to look for a job. I may have to do with a non-engineering one as far as I could tell. In the morning I ask at NECTEC about the result of my earlier application. I apply to Sa̤engpradi̱s̱ṭh and Jasmine.

I feel that I had been through many bad managements, for example Suriẏa, Bidakṣ, Vijaoṽ and Ronald. I never think that it could have been me all the while who are rebellious.

I am determined, if ever I could come to be in the management, that I will be more compassionate than they are. People are more important than money. Some managers only save their own skin and never think about other people. Yet some have bad manner and no good quality whatever. I also go to the Lhaksỉ Tower to inquire after a job.

At the Polygram Design office there is one letter for me. Ad, Croeñ and Ḍẹj are here. Ḍẹj drives me to Cuk's house. We meet among other people there Ben, Cuk, Ḍuc and A. Ben suggests that we go to the Dream World together tomorrow. No one can come, Cuk has two students to teach.

Then we leave for Daḅ Lẹn. I stay at the same room that I used to say, writing up until 1.30 am before going to bed. There are many interesting books in the room where I sleep. For example, music books and scores, the Lord of the Ring, Dictionary of Music and the Book on Friendship from Charlotte, an American whom I met a few years ago.

I wake up with Ben calling on the phone, Wednesday 6th April. It is a holiday today, the Cakrị Day. We break our fast and then go out to the Dream World in his Mercedes. We pick up Sun at her place, which is not a kilometre away. They are building something in front of her house, and she complains. Ben says that he want to fight for her on this matter, and that he enjoys doing something like this. He could not possibly have meant it, for he never is serious unless a thing affects him in some way.

We go by the express way. The Dream World is by Glaung Sạm in the northern part of Ḅạngkauk. We arrive there around 9.30 am, but the opening time turns out to be 10.30. Ben pays for our tickets. This is a treat for his nephew Tavan, Croeñ's son. We get inside, walk a little, and then wait while Ben and Tavan go together on the Hanging Coaster.

It is a good experience to come here only because we are with Ben. I would probably not want to come here on my own. I think the quality of things here is somewhat mediocre.

It is hot when we come back. We drop Ḍẹj at the Central Plaza

Hotel. He is going to Laḍkraḅang. Ben drops me off at the Robinson department store, Sukhumvid, to buy food for the party. He gives each Sun and me 100 *ḅad*s each. I buy *kăi dauḍ́* (deep-fried chicken), *tàohù dauḍ́* (fried bean-curd), *phuak dauḍ́* (deep-fried taro), *thŭaḍ́ạeng dauḍ́* (deep-fried kidney-bean), *kraḅaung dauḍ́* (deep-fried battered wax gourd) and *dauḍ́man plạkrạï* (deep-fried spotted featherback, a freshwater fish).

Then I walk to Cuk's place where people are singing and rehearsing. Here I prepare the food by arranging them into plates. Then I leave the place. The day has been long, but it has been a nice day. I am glad to be able to get out of my clothes to have a hot shower at the end of it. The Bangkok Music Society are going to Singapore on the 9th of this month. They are going to watch the *Les Misérables* there. Then they will go further to Australia and will come back on 17th April.

Today, Thursday 7th April, I contact Mhụ of Thai Syndicate Financial about the 300 units of TA stock that belong to Pūk. I manage to buy them but at a high price. The value of the stock is going up. I buy them for the port of of Yaovlakṣṇ whose sister, Koḅ, is working at Sinobrit as a secretary of Ḅang-aur who is the data centre manager there. The stock turns out to be a sham. In 1997 we have a financial crisis, and thereafter their value drops so low you would never believe.

In the afternoon I think it is Añjlị on the 21st floor who phones. I come up and talk with her about the new person who will work in the security section. Later Jollḍạ or *Ọ́* comes down to the 17th floor and I teach her Security Systems. She went to the US after having finished her M3. There she studied in secondary school, then did a bachelor degree in Computer Science and after that an MBA. She lived in Connecticut. I try to teach her everything possible in the limited time. Both her and Pūk become a successful security officer and remain with the company for many years.

I go to Bouygues-Thai on Friday 8th April 1994 to apply for a job. It is at *Muangdaung Dhạnị*. I go there by bus and take a motorcycle into the office. While waiting for it to open again in the afternoon, I eat my sandwiches near a big lake there. It is very hot. There is some fishing going on at the residence area near the office.

There are already many buildings here. High buildings stand in rows. But unlike those I had seen in Budapest, these are beautiful. They are designed and constructed by Western-European companies, and look more like some works of art than a mere building. After having written

the application form, I walk back to the main road and catch a bus to go to the Ctucakr Park. Next, I apply at UCOM.

The next day, 9th April, I meet Koḅ by appointment at about 11 am at the Fortune Town to hand her the cheque for the TA stock I bought. She then gives me a lift to the World Trade Centre where I apply for an electrical engineering position. After that I go to the British Council library.

I am at CU in the evening. There is no one in the room of the Electrical Engineering Club except Rick and Śakd́xi. We talk for a while, and I teach both English through my talk. We dine at the university's dormitory, and then Rick gives me a lift home.

I want to know more about the English language. There are many more things to learn, read and teach. I want to write books. It is better to do so when you are not working, and I will start planning to write some books now. Writing is self-studying. You read, then you write some of the material down, turn them over in your mind, and then write your own book. There is also this problem about copyrights, and you need to protect yourself lest you cannot use your own ideas later without quoting somebody else's name.

Sunday 10th April, I come to CU hoping that there will be someone at the fencing club, but disappointed when I find that there is nobody here. So I cannot *goang blaung* (spin the sticks) like I did here yesterday. After having waited here a little, I go back and spend some time at the TA office.

Then I go to the apartment at the Śiriraj Hospital to fetch some of the things that I need, which include the books that I will use to teach *Ọ́*. On my way back I meet *Yhị* whom I have not seen for such a long time.

We talk and he tells me that Ace has now a child of nearly one. What a good news to hear. I do hope that she wrote to me sometimes. Life is so short. Why can we not talk to each other. I have done my best when I told her that I wanted to marry her but she has chosen her own way, which is fair enough. But I love her and shall never be angry with her, so why this absolute silence on her part I never could understand.

I give my home address to *Yhị* in case he sees her again and in case she has somehow lost my address. He is travelling to China, and after that to Singapore.

How did you come to leave me
I will never know.
Your love for me you let me see,
Tenderness for me you show.

I only know that I love you
And I will do it I think always.
It make no difference what you think or do
You are now far, far away.

That is not all of it, but the rest is dissolved, so this is your day and not mine.

On 11 April 1994 I take a leave again when I go to the Thai Com satellite station to apply for a job. I talk with Choen, my junior at RU where she majored in English at the Humanity Department. I meet Ẹk who is from EE'73, CU, in front of the satellite station. Then I come to MBK to apply at Ẹkjạti on the 11th Floor. After all this I sit down to do my homework at the Fine Art Department, and then go to my Chinese class.

To a Daiï who lives in Ḅạngkauk the sea comprises three different places, that is to say, the part of the coast along Gulf of Daiï southeast of the city, the same from southwest of the city all the way down south until one reaches the border with Malaysia, and the third and last that part of the coast along the Andaman sea on the left-hand side of the peninsula.

The land bordering the mouth of *Càobrayạ* River south of Ḅạngkauk is sprawled with prawn farms. These have concrete tanks in which prawns are bred and raised. The male and female prawns are put together in a tank for the breeding. After the latter have done laying eggs they and the males are taken away, otherwise they will devour up all the young prawns.

Once these small prawns has grown up to a reasonable size, they are transfered to a pond where *plạjàun*s (silver sillago) are also raised. The two are kept in the same pond for the purpose of recycling the water, so that the pond needs no cleaning. But they must be kept separated from each other by nylon nets to prevent the fish from the prawns. This done, prawns are ready to be sold when they are seven months old.

There is a market at Pạknāṃ in Smudpraḳạr where one can buy all

the ingredients to make sea dishes like *pōtạek*, which is a sour and spicy soup made from several fish and other creatures from the sea.

The boat on which the seamen go out to catch sea fish is called the *Tangkẹ* boat. People whose backyard borders a canal often have a *yạu* for catching fish. It is a large square net the four corners of which are tied by a long string to the end of the pole which makes up a lever that can be lowered and raised in order to catch fish from the canal.

Fish farms, for example those which raises *slid́*s, cut grass and throw it into the ponds where the fish are. Lichens will form on the leaves, which will float up creating a bog and provide us with excellent food for the fish. The water must be regularly changed.

This is done with the help of *rahad́viḍnāṃ*, or simply *rahad́*, an irrigation conveyor belt, formerly wind-powered but now driven by a motor, which conveys water from one pond to another.

There are also crab farms, for example those at Sạkhlạ, Muang, Smudr Prạkạr, respectively ward (*taṃḅol*), district (*aṃbhọe*) and province (*cangvhad́*). Here small crabs weighing between 0.3 and 1 kilogrammes are bought from the market and put in a pond.

Being fed with small fishes two times a day, with water changed daily, they are ready to be sold back to the market after 15 to 20 days. Instead of buying young crabs, baby crabs can be bred and raised.

The name of King Rama I or Buddhyaud́fạ̄ (20 March 1736–1809) was Daungd́ùang. † During the reign of King *Tạksin* the Great a riot broke out when he became king on 6^{th} April 1782 . As for *Tạksin*, he was butchered I know not by whom. Those who did know either had not lived long enough to tell the tale or would not let on.

Rama I founded Krungdẹb (Ḅạngkauk) on 21 April 1782, this being the tenth of the first month according to the Daiï calendar, and moved the capital here from Dhonḅurị.

Ḅangkauk's full name is *Krungdẹbm<u>a</u>hạn<u>a</u>gaur ḅvaurratn<u>a</u>kọsind<u>r</u> m<u>a</u>hin-*

† *cf Rattanakosin bicentennial. An illustrated book on historical events*. (Nhangsụe jud́ bhạb krung *Ratn<u>a</u>kọsind<u>r</u>* saung rāuï pị) Kurusapha Business Organisation (Ongġkạrgā khaung Gurusbhạ) 1982.

drạyudhyạmạ̲hạd́ilokbhob nobratnrajdhạniḭburịromy̲a ud́omrạjniveśn̲mạ̲hạ-sthạn ạ̲maurbimạn ạ̲vtạrsthit sakkdattiyạ̲viṣṇukarrmprasidd̲hi. In the reign of King Rama IV the part *ḅvaurratnạ̲kọsindr̲* was changed into *ạ̲maurratnạ̲kọsindr̲*.

Rama I restored in 1782 the Bọdhạrạm temple which was built since the *Ayudhyạ* period, and has it renamed into the Jẹtubol Vimolmangglạvạs temple.

Rama III restored the temple and had the various lores of the country inscribe on marble slabs placed inside the temple, for example those on Buddhism, history of the temple, literature, medicine, proverbs, and traditions, so much so that it is known as the country's first university. Among these fields of learning is that of the tradition massage, of which the temple boasts the country's best.

Rama IV changed the name into the Jẹtubon Vimolmangglạrạm. But people call it the *Bọd̲hi* temple and it is generally known as his temple.

Instead of a moat the river *Càobrayạ* surrounds the royal palace and the inner city on the west while on the east of it is the Lhaud́ canal. The city is shaped like an oblong leaf.

Then another canal, that is the Ǒng-ặng or Bạnglaṃbhụ Canal, was dug to the east of this canal which surrounds the new Chinatown Saṃbeng, Saojingjā̤ (the Grand Swing Poles) and the *Brạhm*'s (Brahmin) temples. Both the canal and the new city wall and forts were built by around 5,000 Laos from Viangcandṅ. The Grand Palace was completed in 1785.

The Brakàeö Maurkot (Brabuddhmȧhạmṇiratnȧpṭimạkaur or the Emerald Buddha) is the Buddha image that was brought in 1769 to Dhonbụrị from Viangcandṅ by Lhoang Yokraḅatr, who later became King Rama I. It was installed in the Śrịratnȧśạsd́ạrạm (or Brakàeö) Temple in 1783.

The Swinging Poles was used in the Trịyampvạï (Lọ̄jingjā̤) Ceremony since 1784, to ask the Hindu gods to make the city sacred and secure.

Rama I canonised the Buddhist Scripture in 1789 and edited in 1804 the laws into the *Trạsạmd́oang* (*lit* three-stamp) Law, the three stamps being Bọakàeö, Gojsiḣ and Rạjsiḣ. He also wrote *Rạmkiart̲i*, *Niraś Dàd́in-*

ḍạeng and *Inhao*.

Kọṣạdhiḅḍị or Braglang Hon lived during his reign who wrote the '*lilit*' *Byuhyạtrạbejrboang*, the '*ḅodmạ̲họrị*' *Kạkị*, the *Kumạr and Madrị* '*kaṇḍa*' (part) of the '*rạ̀yyạw*' *Mạ̲hạjạti*, *Rạjạdhiraj*, and *Sạmkōk*. The last one is the Chinese historical story *Sān Guó* or the Three Kingdoms which is the story of the three kingdoms, namely Wèi (220–265), Shǔ Hàn (221–263), and Wú (222–280).

In 1785 there was the *songgrạm kào dab* (nine-army war) when Paḍung, the king of Burma and son of King Àlaungbrayạ who burnt Àyuddhyạ, came to attack Sïạm with his nine armies of 144,000 men, and in 1786 the battles at Dạ̀ Ḍindạeng–Sạmsoḅ.

Both times it was Ḅvaur Sursinghnạd (Ḅuñmạ, 1743–1803) who drove them back. He captured Pattạnị in the south and transferred the confiscated main cannon in a junk to be kept in Ḅạngkauk. It is now in front of the Ministry of Defence. He helped Kạvila, who was sent by Rama I to rule *Jiangmhăị* in the north, drive away the Burmese, and thereafter took the Sihinġ Buddha image back to Krungdẹb.

In 1787 Rama I laid siege on Dvạï, a town which belonged to the warmonger neighbour of Sïạm, Burma, but he came back without having captured that city. But Dvạï, Mariḍ and Tanạöśrị presented themselves to Sïam in 1791.

In 1782 Ong Jiangsụe fled from the rebels in Saigon to Sïam. He escaped back to Cochin-China, defeated the rebels and installed himself as the Emperor Gialong of Vietnam.

Following the fall fo Saigon (Zàingàun) in 1782, a riot broke of in *Khmẹr*, whereby King Nạrạïṇrạjạ fled with his family to Sïạm. His son, Nak-ong-ẹng, was still ten. Rama I sent Abhaïbhụḅẹśr to rule that country, and then in 1794 Nak-ong-ẹng who became King Nạrạïṇrạmạdhiḅḍị.

To rule Viangcandṅ he sent Nandsẹn, and then Indvongśx. After the latter died in 1804 he sends Ànuvongśx.

Before he died he gave the throne to his son Bvaursthạnmonggol whose name was Chim (24 Feb. 1767–1824) the coronation ceremony of whom began seven days after his ascension to the throne and lasted for another seven days during the period of which no alcoholic drinks

were to be sold.

In 1810 Paḍung attacked and captured many southern towns which were under Sïam, but was later driven back. After his death in 1819 his son Cingkụcạ came to power who made preparations in order to attack Sïam again but never did. Ỵoan (Vietnam) wanted to have the town Phaidmạś back and was granted.

Khmẹr became divided into two sides, one under King Udaiïrạjạ who sided with Vietnam and his brother Upyọrạj (*nak-ongg* Sngoan) who sided with Sïam. Rama II sent to mediate between these two brothers Yomrạj, who burnt Bnombeñ, Krabonglhoang and Bạndạïbejr before returning with *nak-ongg* Ḍòang, *nak-ongg* Ĭm and *nak-ongg* Sngoan. Vietnam sided with Khmẹr which thereafter estranged itself from Sïam.

Rama II canonised the Buddhist prayers and translated them into Daiï from Pali. He built the new town Nȧgaurkhŭankhandȟ at Pạklaḍ on the mouth of the *Càobrayạ* River, and added three more forts to the existing fourth which was built by Rama I. Manned by Mon migrants, the town was ruled by Smingdạumạ after its completion in 1815.

Three white elephants were presented to the king, namely Svẹtr Kuñjaur from Bọdhisatv̇ in 1812, Svẹtr Aiïrạ from *Jiangmhăị*, and Svẹtr Kojlakṣṇ̣ from Nận in 1817. The national flag of Sïam became a white elephant in a *cakr* (disc-shaped weapon) on red. It is used as the Elephant Jack in the royal trading ships.

In 1812 Rama II brought the Buṣẏȧratṉ from Caṃpạśakḍ́xi to Bạngkauk and installed it in the *uḅọsoth* of Śrịratnȧśạsḍ́ạrạm first, before moving it to the Surạlaiïbimạn Tower in the Cakrbarrḍ́ibimạn Palace.

In 1817 he started the annual ceremony for the Visạkhȧ day which falls on the full-moon day of the sixth lunar month, the day that marks Buddha's birth, enlightenment and death. Gialong died in 1819 and Minmang became the new emperor of Vietnam.

Rama II restored the Cạeng Temple and renamed it the Ȧruṇrạjdhạrạm Temple, the name which remained in use until Rama IV's reign when it was changed into Ȧruṇrạjvrạrạm. This temple was in the royal ground during the time of King *Tạksin*, but it became the temple of Rama II because of the extensive restorative works carried out during his reign. The 82-metre high big *prạngg* (Khmẹr-styled pagoda) we see now was planned towards the end of his reign and the foundation dug.

It was built by Rama III and completed by Rama IV. The mould for the Buddha image here was done by King Rama II himself.

In 1820 Carlos Manuel de Silveira was sent by the Portuguese Governor of Macao to Sïam to build ships. An American businessman, Captain Hale, in 1821 came here and traded 500 guns with sugar. He was appointed Loang Bhakḍịraj *kaptan* (captain).

The following year John Crawfurd was sent here by the Marquess of Hastings who was the Governor General of India. For various reasons, for example his manner not being considered well enough, his navigational surveying of the rivers and, and this is perhaps the worst, the fact that two interpreters were used, that is one between English and Malay and the other Malay and Daiï, the negotiation proved a failure. They should have sent in his place a merchant!

Rama II likes literature and his reign marks the blooming period of this branch of art. He himself is an excellent poet who wrote among other things the *Inhao*, *Gạvị*, *Kraidaung*, *Rạmkiaṛti* and *Sangkhdaung*. He also played the *zạusạmsạï* (three-stringed fiddle), and had composed songs for it among which are the *Ḅulhan Lauïlùan* or *Ḅulhan Lùanlauïfạ̄*, and the *Drongbrasuḅin* or *Sarrsroeñbracandṛ* song.

In a way his reign is like the Elizabethan English because Sundaurbhṳ̀ (1787–1855, b. 26 June) is to a Daiï similar to what Shakespeare is to the English or Cervantes the Italians. He wrote *Bra Abhaïmṇị* in verses (*nidạn gaṃklaun*), as usually is the case with all his other works. Khun Jạ̄ng–Khun Phạen was another masterpiece which he shares the credit of writing with Rama II and III. The reign of Rama II also produces the very fine quality *ḅẹ̄ñcrongg* (five-coloured china).

The Siamese twins were born in 1811 in Smudrsonggrạm whose side of the body is connected with the other's from chest to abdomen. A Scotch merchant bought them from their mother when they were 18, and put them on show in a circus in the US. Each married a different wife. Both settled and lived in the US until their death on 17 January 1874.

King Rama III (Nàngklào, 31 Mar. 1787–1851) came to the throne in 1824 after his father, Rama II, died from a serious illness that lasted for eight days. In the same year the United Kingdom sought the alliance from Sïam in their attack on Burma. Subsequently three troops were sent, namely those under Bibaḍhkọṣạ, Mȧhạyọdhạ and Surseṇạ. In 1825

envoy and presents were sent to the emperor of China.

On 16 December 1825, Captain Henry Burney, a British official at Penang who could speak Daiï, conversed with Rama III. Negotiations followed which resulted in the first treaty of friendship and commerce between Sïam and a European country, which was signed on 20 June 1826. It was made in four languages, that is English, Malay, Portuguese and Daiï.

Ȧnuvongśx of Laos rebelled against Ḅaṇgkauk's rule, which led to his death while in imprisonment following his loss in the battles of 1827. After that, Rama III ordered more forts to be built at Smudrpraṇakaṛ, namely Piḳkaṇ, Suazàunleḅ, Triḅejr and Vijiarjọḍok.

His brother, Prince Mongkuḍ or Càofā Mongkuḍ (18 Oct. 1804–1 Oct. 1868), was appointed the abbot of the Ḅvaurniveṣś Temple in 1837. He created a new sect of Buddhism, the Dharrmyutiknikaṇï.

Andrew Jackson, the president of the US, sent Edmund Roberts to negotiate a trade treaty. The Treaty of Amity and Commerce was concluded with no difficulty since the US demanded no extraterritorial rights. It was signed on 20 March 1832.

The trade between China and Sïam prospered in this reign, and Rama III built two pagodas sitting on top of a model of the trading junk in the Yaṇnaṇvaṇ temple near the present Saḍhaur pier. Dan Beach Bradley, an American MD and member of the Protestant board of mission ABCFM, came to Sïam in 1836 to spread the Words. He brought with him the vaccines for cholera and smallpox, and the printing press which produced a book in Sïam for the first time on 3rd June 1836.

By 1839 Rama III was abreast with the technology, for he ordered the first governmental documents in Sïam, namely the 9,000 copies of the notice to prohibit the consuming of opium.

In 1841 Bradley started making moulds for their own types, and the first western calendar in Daiï was printed in force the following year. The first Daiï types ever made were designed in Burma, casted in India, and used for printing the book on the Daiï grammar by James Low † which was printed in Calcutta in 1828. The book had been written since 1822, but presumably had to wait for the types to be casted. That was

† Could be *Lowe*, *Lowell*, *etc*.

time when we had the luxury of neither the computer nor Knuth's TEX.

The *Coḍmhaïhẹtu Yặng Sàn* or the *Bangkok Reader* which was started by Bradley in 1835 was short-lived and had to go out of print in less than one year because nobody read them. With an admirable perseverance he resume printing it again in 1864 under the same name, and this time it lasted over three years.

The monk Càofạ̄ Mongkuḍ̣, knowing his market better, set up his own printing press and operated it by monks of the Ḅvaurniveṣ́ Temple to produce the *paṭimọkkh*, the prayer verse previously etched into *nhangsụe ḅaịlạn* (inscription on palm-leaves).

During the reign of Rama III, Càofạ̄ Mongkuḍ̣ went from place to place on his *pèlerinage* when he discovered many historical things, for example the stone with the inscriptions made under King Rạmgaṃ-hạeng of Sukhọdaï and the monumental *Paṭhomcẹḍ́iẏa* pagoda.

One may well understand these pilgrimages to deserted places, since he was the brother of a different mother to the king and was next to the throne. And after the king died in 1851 he became King Rama IV, and is also known as King Mongkuḍ̣ or Bra Caumklào.

He had been a monk 27 years, reigned another 18 and had 82 children. Fluent in Pali and knowing Latin and English well, he was perhaps the only King in Asia during his time who could keep correspondence in English with the kings and heads of state in the West. He was also an astronomer and could calculate the solar eclipse. On his coronation day on 15 May 1851 he showed his modern attitude because all the foreign representatives who came from Holland, England, Malaysia, Portugal and the US were standing on their feet instead of sitting on the floor like the Siamese. Upon his insistence, his brother Cuḍạmṇị became the second king of the kingdom who was crowned on 25 May 1851.

Pĭnklào employed a retired army officer from England, Thomas George Knox who came to Sïam in 1831, to train the palace soldiers. He translated a book on big guns' techniques into Daiï in 1804 and ordered Śrịsuriyȧvongśx to build steamships.

Bra Caumklào sent envoys to present the emperor of China with gifts on 3rd July 1851, and the other and last time in 1852. He ordered an attack on Jiangtung twice, once in 1852 and then the second and last

time in 1855. After that there were to be no more battles with that country until it was taken by the British in 1885.

Sir John Bowring who was the Governor of Hong Kong came to Sïam under Queen Victoria's command. He came in the ship *Rattler* and met Mongkuḍ on 16 April 1855 and Pǐnklào privately later. The Treaty of Friendship and Commerce between the United Kingdom and Sïam was signed two days later. In the same year decreed Mongkuḍ the picture of a white elephant, side-view and facing left, on a red background the national flag, and the name of the country became officially 'Siam'.

He visioned a god who has helped protect the country, and had Praḍiṣṭḥ Vạurkạr make a mould and cast the image of this imagined deity in solid gold eight inches high, and give him the name of Bra Sïạmdẹvạdhirạj. Then he installed this golden god inside the *bradị̀nàng* (palace) Drongdharrm which was within the group of Buddhmondiar palaces. Later Rama V pulled down all these palaces and moved this god to the Bradị̀nàng Baiśạldakṣiṇ where it remains until this day.

Townsend Harris, who was the American Consul-General to Japan, came to Sïam on 21 April 1856 while Franklin Pierce was the president of the US. Again he met the first king first, and later the second. And again the negotiation succeeded and a treaty was signed on 29 May 1856 according to the terms of which the setting up of the American Consulate in Sïam had been decided. Stephen Mattoon became the first Consul who had lived in this country for close to ten years and spoke Daiï well.

Rama IV wrote a letter to Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865, president of the US 1861–1865), offering to send over a pair of elephants to the US. But the timing was not the best, for it was then in the middle of the industrial revolution and his letter must have seemed untimely at the best and at the worst preposterous. He replied,

> I appreciate most highly Your Majesty's tender of good offices in forwarding to this Government a stock from which a supply of elephants might be raised on our own soil. This Government should not hesitate to avail itself of so generous an offer if the object was one which could be made practically useful in the present condition of the United States.
>
> Our political jurisdiction, however, does not reach a latitude so

> low as to farm the multiplication of the elephant, and steam on land as well as on water, has been our best and most efficient agent of transportation in internal commerce.

There was a time when steam was thought to be efficient.

In 1849 he bought a lithographic press from the US to print books on Buddhism, and in 1858 the coin-stamping machine made by Taylor, Birmingham, UK. The Royal Mint, *roṇgkraṣạpṉ* (mint) Siddhikạr. was completed and running in 1860. Before this the money used was in the form of *ngoen boád̀òang* (silver bullet money) and *ngoen rhiañnok* (Mexican coins with the royal stamps on the back).

The first *rhiañkṣạpṉ* (minted coin) or *ngoenpạe* came out in 1860, which are one *ḅạd*, one *slueng*, two *slueng*, one *fūang*. In 1862 the cowries were replaced by tin coins, which are called *aṭh* and *soĺos*. Gold coins were stamped in 1863 which are called *Doś*, *Biś* and *Baśd̀uengs̲*, and copper coins in 1865 called *Ziḳ* and *Sìaö*.

The *Rạjkiccạnuḅẹkṣạ* (royal gazette) newsletter was first printed in 1858 which lasted until this day. On 28 July 1857 Montrị Suriyàvongśxi, Sarrbẹdh Bhakd́ị and Mondiar Bidakṣ paid a homage to Queen Victoria. Rạjọdaï's *A Journey to London* was the first book to be copyrighted here. The French Bishop Pallegoix brought photography, after which Krasạpnkickọśol (Mhọd́ Àmạtyàkul) became the first photographer. The ancient ploughing ceremony *Bụejmonggol* was revived in 1858.

Napoléon III (Charles Louis Napoléon Bonaparte, 1808–1873) sent M. de Montigny to Sïam in 1856. During 1859–1867 his troop captured the Cochin-China. Then Śrịbibaḍhṅ, Vaïïvaurnạth and Ṇrongġvijit were sent as envoys to him in France. For this purpose a French warship picked them up on 22 March 1860 and brought them back some twenty months later, on 10 December 1861.

At this time there are no streets or roads. Foreign diplomats said that they missed their civilisation, and so comply with the request Rama IV did for he built the Croeñkrung Road in 1861. Outward bound from the second moat it was built by Śrịsuriyàvongśx and Indrạdhiḅd́ị from the Sạmyauḍ Gate to the Tok Road, while inward bound by Yomrạj (Gruḍ) and Bromhḅrirakṣ from the same to Snạmjaï in the inner city. Therefore this road runs a long stretch along the eastern banks of the *Càobrayạ* River, a truly lovely I would imagine at the time it was built.

The Portugal Embassy is here, the first one as such in Sïam.

In 1863 another street was built, that is the Ḅaṃrungmuang Road from Snạmjaiï to the Swing Pole, and in 1864 another, the Fùangnȧgaur Road from Sḭ̈kāk Brayạśrị to the Swing Pole. These last two roads are not very long. The original purpose of these two roads was as an access to the Brahmin village and the Swing Pole.

The third moat was dug, the Phd́ung Krungkṣẹm Canal. By 1980, more than a century after it was built, this canal had become polluted and stank so badly.that you would not have wanted to walk along it. During the 1990s, however, people became more environmental conscious, and by the turn of the millennium it had been so much cleaner that fish were coming back. Now the canal has plenty of them and seems at long last like a decent canal

Pĭnklào had been chronically ill for five years and he died on 7th January 1865.

The British Borneo in 1864 began exporting the timber from the north. The logs were floated down the Ping River that merges with the Vang, Yom and Nàn to become the *Càobrayạ* which goes out to the sea at Smudrprạkạr, just south of Ḅạngkauk. My parents in *Jiangmhăị* still remember the time when the river was covered with the floating teak logs. Workers would run around on top of these, steering them. In 1866 Rama IV built a lighthouse at the mouth of the *Càobrayạ* River.

Khroa Inkhŏng (In), who was from Bạng Cạn, Bejrḅurị, was responsible for most of the mural paintings done during this reign, for example the *uḅṣoth* of the Ḅromnivạs, Ḅvaurniveśś Vihạr and Śrị Ratnȧśạsd́ạrạm temples in Ḅạngkauk, and that of the Màhạsmṇạcạr Temple, Bejrḅurị. His painting at this temple in Bejrḅurị shows the Pṭhom Cẹd́iẏa pagoda the restoration works of which began in 1853 and was completed during the reign of Rama VI. Some of his paintings also depict the imagined western world.

Buḍhạcạrẏa (*Tọ*, 17 Apr. 1788–22 Jun. 1872) was an important monk who is wise and much respected. He was also a great teacher, and many of his students passed the *priañ ẹk* (top-level exam for the monks in Pali translation). After his death the miniature Buddha images casted by him became prized collection items some of which are very highly priced to this day.

From his own calculation Rama IV concluded correctly that there would be a total eclipse of the sun on 18 August 1868 at Vhàkạu in Pracoaḅgịrịkhandḥ, and he invited Sir Harry Ord the Governor of Singapore to come and observe this rare natural occurrence with him. From 30 August until 23 September 1868 he was seriously ill from Malaria, and passed away on 1st October.

King Rama V (Mảhạ Cuĺạlongkaurṇ, 20 Sep. 1853–23 Oct. 1910) had many wives. He had 77 children. He was 16 when he ascended the throne on 11 November 1868, and Ḅrommảhạ Śrịsuriyảvongśx (Jòang Ḅunnạg) became the Regent until his second coronation ceremony on 16 October 1873.

The Rạjḅbidh was built in 1870 as the his royal temple. In the same year he visited Singapore and Java, and the following year India and Burma.

Starting off in 1868 as a unit of 24 *mạhạd́lek* body-guards, the Royal Guard was developed into the much larger *Mạhạd́lek Rạjvallobh Rakṣạbraongg* which comprises squadrons and regiments, and equipped with modern weaponry.

In 1871 he founded the Mảhạd́lek Officer School, which later became the Soankulhạḅ Palace School. One of his wives, Śrịbajrindrạ, founded the Rạjinị School in 1940. The Assumption College was founded in 1885 , the Joseph Convent College in 1907, and the Ḅaṃrungviją School in 1899.

The *stạngg* ($^1/_{100}$ of a *ḅạd*) was created as a new monetary unit the coin of which is made of copper and has a hole in the middle. The *aṭhkraḍạṣ* (banknotes) were also produced, but were soon discontinued until replaced by the *dhạnḅatr* (banknotes), in 1902, which comes in five different denominations, namely 5, 10, 20, 100 and 1,000.

Mảhiśr Rạjảhṛuedaï set up the Ḅugglabhẏa, a new commercial bank. It was later registered as a company, the Sïạm Kammạcol (Siam Commercial) Bank, in 1906, which became the Daiïbạnijẏa in 1939.

Rama V abolished slavery gradually (1888–1908), thus causing no bloodshed.

The first telegraph line was kicked off in 1875 between Ḅạngkauk

and the lighthouse at the *Càobrayạ* estuary in Smudprạkạr. In 1878 the second line was laid which connected Bạngkauk with Bạngpa-in and Ȧyudhyạ.

The first hospital to be set up by the government was the Vanglhang Hospital that borders the Bạngkauk *Nāuï* in Dhonbụrị (1886). Its name was later changed into 'Śirirạj' in remembrance of Śirirạj Kȧkudhbhaṇḍ, one of the king's son who died at the time of its construction. After the cremation, the king gave all the construction materials from the funeral pavilion to be used for building the hospital, which was opened on 26 April 1888.

Rama V was contemporary of Queen Victorian and the Industrial Revolution in the UK. Therefore he probably have seen the canals in Manchester and other cities in England at their best, for he created for his country in 1882 the Canal Department.

The furthermost part in the Gulf of Daiï is a bay shaped like a square the side of which is approximately 100 kilometres. The shore line on the far side of this bay has four estuaries, namely from left to right Mậe Klaung, Dậcịn, *Càobrayạ* and Nȧgaurnạyok (now Bạng Pakong). Between Mậeklaung and Dậcịn and moving inland are connected by two canals, namely Sunakhtaun and Ḍaṃnoensd́oak. Likewise between Dậcịn and *Càobrayạ* there are Mȧhạjaiïjolmạrk, Bhạsịcroeñ, Mȧhạsvasd́xi, Brarạjạbhimol and Brayạbạrrṛụe; and between *Càobrayạ* and Nȧgaur Nạyok are Saṃrọg, Pravḍśṅbụrịromẏa, Sạensạeḅ and Rangsit.

The Postal Department was set up in 1883. The electricity was first used in 1880 by the army and, by the king's command, the palace. The Siam Electricity in 1898 became the sole supplier of the electricity in Bạngkauk.

Surśakd́xi Montrị fought and defeated the Chinese Ḥậu who plundered the people in the north during 1885–1888.

The means of transportation at this point are the *kvian* (buffalo carts) in the country, the *rothlạk* (rickshaw) brought in from China, and the *rothmā̧* (horse-drawn carriage) from the West. The word 'rickshaw' comes from the Japanese *jinrikusha* which means a man-powered carriage. The tram came in 1887. First the carriage was drawn by horses and then later it was electrically powered.

Rama V created the *Yuddhnạdhikạr* (defence) Department, and he be-

came the *caumbol* (Field Marshal). Many of those who held this position later misused their power, whereby much bloodshed resulted until it was abolished in the late 20th century. As for the defence department, it later turned into the Klạhọm Ministry.

He also formed the Cadet School in 1887, which became the *Srạñromẏa* Military School and then later the Nạ̈rāuï Dȧhạrḅok School.

The Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign in 1887 saw Dẹvvongśx-vrọpkạr celebrating amidst all the British. Since 1885 he had become the first Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1892 all the ministries numbered twelve in total and the provincial administration changed in such a way that the kingdom was divided into *monḍol* (prefecture), *cangvhaḋ* (province), *aṃbhọe* (district), *taṃḅol* (ward), and *mhŭḅạ̀n* (village).

Daiï words never change when they become plural, therefore 'Taṃḅol' may be either singular or plural depending on the context, while its usual English equivalent, Tambon, may have its plural form, Tambons, though of course one may use instead for instance *Taṃḅol*s or Taṃḅol's. In 1891 the Department of Rạjlọhȧkic (metallurgy) and Bhụmividyạ (geography) was formed which later became Lọhȧkic and then Drabyạ-kaurdhaurṇị The first tin dredger in Sïam was operated by the company Dùnggạ Harbour with Edvard T Mile as its captain.

If we look at the reign of Rama IV (1851–1868) and that of Napoleon III (1852–1870), we will see that they coincide nearly perfectly with each other. In that era when both the industrial revolution and the democracy were in force while the dwindling number of the reigning monarchs has nearly reach the critical stage, those with the absolute power in their hands tend to be more compassionate to each other than earlier on in history. This follows from the simple rule of thumb of the inverse proportionality between the density and kindness. It is the same rule that makes people who live in the city seem so unkind to each other by the yard stick of country folks.

Moreover, Rama IV knew Latin, and that goes a long way towards winning the heart of any French, the French language being the direct descendant of the *Latin vulgaire* of the common people.

Rama V was less lucky than his father. For one thing, most of his reigning life (1868–1910) was contemporary with the Third Republique (1871–1940). Also, linguistically he must have been less able compared with his father, in the eye of the French at least. The closest person

he could pair with among all the rulers of Europe was the probably the Nicolus II (1868–1918), the emperor of Russia (1894–1917). He visited Europe in 1897 and 1907 when he appeared in a picture together with Nicolus II, perhaps partly for the political reason related to the problems of colonisation.

Free people who are poor could become desperate and dangerous, for example Germany after World War I when Hitler gained power, and Poland in 1990 when in Warsaw I was robbed of all my belongings. This was also the same with the French, for while they were suffering the economic depression during 1885 and 1899 their country won colonies in Africa and Asia. The democratisation process in Europe had been long and bloody, particularly in France.

Rama V had been so modern even before his visits to Europe, one would have thought that he had lived or graduated from the West. But he was an absolute monarch who had many wives, and so the troubled French people under the Third Republic took lands from the Kingdom of Sïam and demanded horrendous amounts of ransom. Those who take things which do not belong to them always use cunnings and devices and are always on the wrong, so there is no need to dwell on the details of the captures.

Western historians argue that these pieces of land obtained by force never historically belonged to Sïam. This to a certain degree was right, but it would have been equally so regarding any piece of land of whichever nation on earth if you go back into the history far enough, for example the Sïam following the fall of *Ayudhyạ* presumably was only Dhonḅuṛi. France used to belong to England which in turn used to belong to the Romans.

But to summarise, these lands ceded are namely Penang to the UK during 1786–1800 while the prime minster was William Pitt the Younger of Tory (1783–1801, and again 1804–06) during the time of George III who reigned 1760–1820; Dvạï, Mariḱ and Tanạöśṛi to the UK in 1793; outer Khmẹr in 1867 to France under Napoleon III who was the president of the Second Republic from 1848 to 1852 and then the self-appointed emperor of France during 1852–1870; Siḅsaung Cudaïï to France in 1888 when the president of France was Sadi-Carnot whose office was 1887–1894; the eastern side of the Khọng River to France in 1893; the western side of the same river to the same in 1904 when the president was Émile Loubet whose office lasted 1899–1906; the Ḅụrbạ prefecture in 1907 also to the Third Republic when its president was now Armand Fallières whose office was 1906–1913; and Malạyụ in 1909

to the UK under H H Asquith of Liberal whose prime-ministerial office was 1908–16 and the monarch was Edward VII who reigned but not ruled during 1901–10. Ironically a gift from the people of Sïam to their king on his 40th birthday was the statue of him sitting on the horse back, casted in, of all places, Paris. On 11 November 1908 the king unveiled his own monumental statue.

Rama V sent his son Vjiraṛvudh to England to study in 1893. In 1894 the Crown Prince, Vjiruṇhiś, became sick and died in Sïam. Vjiraṛvudh became the new Crown Prince. In 1896 England agreed with France to let Sïam remain a buffer state and leave her alone.

Numerous bridges were built during the reign of Rama V, and he funded buildings one each year specifically for the celebration of his birthday. The title deeds of the land started in 1901, and the Daḅian Dị́din (land registration) Office was established.

Raṣḍ́aṇupraḍíṣṭh introduced *yaṇgbaṛa*, *Hevea brasiliensis*, from Malaysia to Trang. Rama V wrote many books among which are *Siḅsaung ḍuan* Royal Ceremony, *Klai ḅàṇ*, and *Ngau pặ* . The comet Halley came during 18 April until 16 May 1910. He died later on that year.

In many way Rama V has become like a god to many people. You see his portrait everywhere. I have no opinions regarding what is history because I do not wish to judge. All great kings since the 18th century think that democracy is best for the people. 'But not now,' they would say, 'after I am gone perhaps'.

Colonisation apart, this was not the first time the French had tried to do a monarch in. They had done it to themselves before, that is to their king Louis XVI. From the point of view of the royal family or a royalist they might be more dangerous than the English, because the latter still have their queen even now. They are pragmatists whereas the French are idealists.

Some think that it was wise of the king that we should have lost half of the country instead of becoming a colony. Others say that it should have been to either stand or fall together. *Humiliation*, however, is only recognised as being a virtue in Christianity not in Buddhism. The trouble is that Sïam's disintegration at that time made it impossible for Daiï to become whole again after the colonisation fad was over. But perhaps that is the way it should have been.

Ironically Rama V abolished the monarchy of Lā̤nnā̤ in the north while at the same time feared the abolition of his kingdom by the Third Republic of France. This is the thing we now see everywhere, however. Some vulgarly put it as the *pecking order*.

Sïam was caught between two fires. On the west was the English and on the east the French. With the king's status bearing the greatest part of the risk the former must have seemed to be more amiable between the two, the English seemed to be more monarch-friendly. But to submit to them would have meant the possibility, or even the likelihood, of getting into the same boat with the Burmese. And that, to a post-Ȧyudhyā̤ Siamese is certainly out of the question.

Rama VI (1 Jan. 1880–26 Nov. 1925) was educated in England between 1893 and 1901, that is to say, from the Royal Military Academy (founded 1799) near Sandhurst in the southern part of England, and then the Christchurch College, Oxford, from 1899. In 1911 there was a failed attempt made by a group of *Young Turks* to overthrow the monarchy. All those approximately 100 people arrested were forgiven and released on 11 November 1924.

The *Buddhśakraj* (Buddhist Era or BE) was adopted, starting from 1st April 1912, which replaced the *Ratnakọsindrśok* The new era is 543 years before the *anno domini*.

The Branȧgaur Library was founded on 6th January 1916 which later changed into the National Library and moved to the present place at the Vạsukrị Pier. The air postal service was started on 17 February 1919 between Bạngkauk and Candbụrị.

Sụapă̆ (wild tigers) was begun on 6th May 1911, and the same thing for women (tigresses) in 1920. The Boy Scouts started on 1st July 1909. It was created in England by Robert Baden-Powel in 1908. The building of the Snạmcandr̆ Palace in Nȧgaurpṭhom began in 1907.

On 2nd January 1912 the Vjirȧ Hospital was opened, and on 30 May 1914 the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ̀ Hospital. Mȧhitlạdhiḅḛśr (d. 24 Sep. 1929) modernised the medical practices in Sïam. He studied at the Harvard University in the US.

Under the pseudonym of NMS, Rama VI wrote many books, for example *Knok Nagaur*, *Lilit Sạm Krung*, and *Nidạn Vḛtạl*. He created the practice of having surnames in 1913, and coined the first surname, 'Sukhum',

for Yomraj (Pàn) who was entrusted with the founding of Thai Cement in 1913. The *Glang Ạumsin* (saving bank) was founded on 1st April 1913 in Bạngzùe.

The Orville Wright aeroplane was demonstrated in 1911, the first pilots trained and returned from France in 1913. The Aviation Section (*phnạek kạrbịn*) was set up in 1913. Nowadays this has become the Air Force. The *Ɗaunmuang* Airport was completed on 1st March 1914. The royal ground in Sathịb was given to the Navy on 16 September 1922 to be built into a naval base which so became in 1974. The first battleship, *Braròang*, was built and launched in 1920. It served the Navy until 19 June 1959. Telegraph stations were set up at Śạlạd́ạeng in Bạngkauk and in *Songkhlạ*.

The foundation of the *Bạñjạkạr* (now Akṣaurśạstṙ) Building of the Kàrạjkạr Bolruan School was laid by Rama VI on 3rd January 1915. The school changed its status on 26 March 1916 into the first university, and then on 6th April 1917 obtained the new name of the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ (Chulalongkorn) University.

From 1st April 1916 it became illegal to gamble. Cooperation was begun by Bidyạlongkaurṇ, and the first co-operative was set up in Biṣṇulọk in 1916.

In 1917, on 28 September the present tri-colour flag replaced the elephant one as the national flag. From October to November 1917 Bạngkauk was flooded extensively for the first time.

On 22 July 1917 Rama VI decided to involve Sïam in the First World War three years into the fighting. On 19 June 1918 Bijaïjạñṛiddhi (later Dẹbhasd́in) and 1,200 volunteers went to Europe to help with fightings. They made it just in time for the victorial celebration in Paris on 14 July 1918, which is the French National Day, when they were found marching through the Arc de Triomphe. All the soldiers, less 19, returned on 10 April 1919, received a medal from the king. The monument for those who died was erected near Snạmloang, and the ceremony was held on 24 September 1919.

As one of the Allies, Sïam signed the Treaty of Versailles and became one of the founding members of the League of Nations which was created in 1919. Francis B Sayre, who was the son in law of the president of the US, was appointed to seek revisions to the treaties imposed on Sïam by the Powers in Europe. This he succeeded as the result of

which Sïam was again autonomous both fiscally and judicially. Sayre was given the name of Kalyaṇmaitriṇ (*lit* good friend).

The *Neṭrnaṛiṇ* (Girl-Guides, *lit* girl's eyes) was founded in 1914. The *Yuvkaṇaḋ́* (Young Red Cross) began on 27 January 1922.

The central railway station, Hoṇa Laṃboṇng, was built in 1916, while the construction of the Rama VI Bridge commenced on 15 June 1922. The bridge was opened on 1st January 1926, the first bridge ever to go across the *Càobrayaṇ* River. The northern railway line was also opened during this reign, with its 1.5 kilometre tunnel at Khuntaṇl.

Rama VI founded the Varrṇngd́iṇ Smoṇsaur (literary society) on 23 July 1914. Some of the plays that he wrote are *Hoṇacaiṇ Nakroḅ*, *Madnabaḍhaṇ* and *Branol Gaṃlhoang*. He also took part in the plays he had written, wrote articles and drew cartoons for newspaper. From 1921 all Daiï children must enter a school when they reach the age of 7 to study for at least four years until Prathom IV or until they became 14.

In 1925 he donated a large plot of land to be turned into a public park, the Lumbiṇiṇ Park. He died from appendicitis.

You enjoy living in a country more if you know something about its history. For example the headquarter of Loxley where I used to work is on the Suapă Road the name of which is created after the Wild Tiger introduced by Rama VI. And if you want to experience the first road ever built in Baṇngkauk you may just take the Number 1 Bus. This bus follows the Croeñkrung Road as it was built by Rama IV.

Rama VII (Pokklào or Prajaḍhipok Śakd́id́ejṅ, 8 Nov. 1893–30 May 1941) became king on 26 November 1925. He went to school in England at Eaton before going on to study soldiering. He organised the first national jamboree in Baṇngkauk for Boys Scouts during 26 February–3 March 1927. He visited Singapore and Java in 1929, French Indo-China in 1930, and Canada and the US in 1931. During that time a meal costed about one staṇngġ.

The first cinema had its foundation laid by the king on 1st July 1930. It was completed and opened on 2nd July 1933. There lived also at this time Buñrauḋ́ Bhiromẏabhakd́iṇ who founded the Buñrauḋ́ Brewery since 3rd April 1933, and Loeś Śreṣṭhbutr who rose from a factotum to an influential business man.

A group of military men led by four army officers, namely Bȧhol Bolbyuhsẹṇạ, Drongsurd́ẹj, Ṛiddhi Agnẹẏa and Praśạsn̂ Bidyạyuddh, seized power from the king on 24 June 1932. Though Rama VII was a trained soldier himself, there was no resistance to the change on his part. But what followed were the struggles for power when coup d'états took place one after another. Seeing the state they put his country in, the king's heart was broken and he died, in England, of heart failure.

But the corruption and misuses of public funds went on. Money and power became the aim, while the means the taking of power by force and arms, together with the killing of innocent people who happened to be standing in the way of their road to hell. This had gone on until as late as 2008. These misuses done to the country are the main reasons for the accumulating international debts as well as the economic crisis in 1997.

Pṛid́ị Bnomyongg̀'s controversial *smud́ poklhuang* (yellow-covered book), an economic plan that tries to serve the third policy among the six announced by the conspirators, which says, 'The economic well-being of the people shall be looked after. The new government shall find a job for every man and establish an economic plan such that there will be no hunger', resulted in the closure of the National Assembly on 1st April 1933 and then on 20 June of the same year.

Biḅulsonggṛam ousted the first prime minister, Mnọpkaurn̂ Nitidhạd́ạ, thus began the tradition of the army's ruling over democracy. A failed attempt of a counter-coup followed on 11 October 1933 by a group of soldiers led by Ḅvaurd́ẹj. The Dharrmśạtṙ University was opened on 27 June 1934 as an open university which taught Laws and Political Economics, but then changed into a closed university.

Śrịvijaï (11 June 1878–22 Mar. 1938) was the monk who built the road up the Sudẹb Mountain in *Jiangmhăị* between 9th November 1934 and 30 April 1935 when it was opened. The construction of this 12-km road lasted 5 months and 22 days, with 5,000 workers each day on average, all of whom were, I think, volunteers.

In 1932 the Pĭnkạ̀eö rice won the First Prize at the International Exhibition at Regina, Canada. It is a *khạ̀ö nạsoan*. The other type of rice is *khạ̀ö nạràì*.

Rama VII abdicated on 2nd March 1934. Rama VIII (Ạnandmȧhid́ol,

20 Sep. 1925–9 June 1946) came to the throne on 2nd March 1934. At the age of 21 he was murdered in his bed.

Virginia tobacco was introduced in the north in 1935. Biḅulsonggraṃ set up the new *yuvjon daḥaṛ* (school cadet), whereby all male students of the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University must take part and wear the uniform to the university. The *yuvnạrị* for girls followed after 1937.

In 1936 new roads were built, namely Bảholyọdhin, Sukhumvid and Bejrkṣẹm, the first two of which probably have their name from the name of Bảhol Bolbyuhsẹnạ who overthrew Rama VII's power and had become the prime minister and Pàn Sukhum who was one of the regents to Rama VIII.

On 29 June 1938 the four submarines arrived from Japan where they were built. They are namely Blạïjumbol, Macchạṇu, Sinsmudr and Viruĺcaṃḅang.

In 1938 the government asked for Rama V's Ḍusit Garden, which they then turned into the Ḍusit Zoo, aka Khaoḍinvnạ. The acts regarding preservation of the forests was passed and several national parks were established around the country.

Plạek Biḅulsonggraṃ became the next prime minister towards the end of December of that year. In 1939 he created the 24th of June as the National Day when the foundation was laid of the Democracy Monument, which was completed and opened on the National Day of the following year.

The National *kriḍạsthạn* (stadium) was built. Lùan Bongṣ̀soḅhoṇ invented the *saṃlậu*, a tricycle that is a marriage between the bicycle and the rickshaw. This history is all very well, but I think the *saṃlậu* was not invented but copied from India. The Bank of Daiï was set up on 24 June 1940, which if you remember is a National Day.

In 1939, the Third Republique of France under the presidency of Albert Lebrun was fighting Germany. The country found itself between the Nazis and the fascist Italy, much the same way that Sïam between the British colony of Burma and the French Indo-China during the 19th century. The *drôle de guerre* (astonishing war) ended with a disaster in May and June and the German occupation of France in 1940.

Meanwhile, in London General de Gaulle launched his famous mus-

tering on 18 June. The armistice was signed on the 22nd and the *régime de Vichy* whereby Phillippe Pétain was given the full power was installed in the non-occupied zone in France during 1940–1944.

Over here on 8th October 1940 a mass of the School Cadets gathered in front of the Grand Palace. The French force still bombed Nȧgaurbnom. The crisis was reached on 28 November after which Daiï army fought back and in doing so regained Caṃpạśakd́xi, Saṃrọng and Congkal of Siamrạṭh.

Starting from 1st January 1941 the Daiï New Year changed from 1st April to 1st January. The number of the Daiï consonants was reduced in order to simplify the language.

On 17 January 1941 the *Dhonḅurị* damaged *La Motte Piquet*, was hit in return and then sank. Japan intervened in the broils and Daiï was given back lands whereby the new Bratạbaung, Biḅụlsonggrạm, Caṃpạśakd́xi and Lạnjậng were formed. The foundation of the new Victory Monument to be built was laid on the National Day in 1941.

Then on 8th December 1941 Japan entered the Second World War, and on 11th December Daiï signed the agreement to become their ally. Prị́dị Bnomyonggġ formed the anti-Japanese movement and in the *sẹrịdaiï* (free Daiï) was formed by Sẹniẏa Prạmọj in the US. There was a big flood in Ḅạngkauk in 1942 which lasted for more than a month.

In order to conquer India the Japanese built a railway line from Daiï to Burma. Thousands of prisoners of war lost their lives during the construction of the bridge across the River Gvạe (aka Kwai) the work of which started in September 1942 and the bridge opened on 25 December 1943. Among those who perished were people from Australia, England, Holland, Java and Malaya.

Trousers and skirts replaced the *congkraḅẹn* as the national dresses. Everyone had to wear a hat and learn how to stand in a queue. The practice of chewing *mhạk* (areca nuts) with betel leaves and lime was banned.

The Kṣẹtrśạstṙ College of 1938–1943, that used to be an agricultural college before 1938, was changed into the Kṣẹtrśạstṙ University in 1943. In 1966 its new campus at Kaṃbạengsạen was established. A university of Medicine was founded in 1943 which later became the Mȧhid́ol University. In the same year the Praṇịtśilpkarrm School became the

Śilpạkaur University. Its Nȧgaurpṭhom campus at the Snạmcandṙ Palace was created in 1968.

Biḅulsonggrạm wanted to move the capital city to Bejrḅurṇ and set up the Buddhism headquarter in Sraḅuriṇ. Many people died from Malaria who went there to build the city, and as the result he had to resign from the premiership. Goang Ȧbhaïvongśx became the next prime minister on 1st August 1944.

Then on 6th August 1945 Hiroshima was bombed, on the 9th Nagasaki, and on the 14th the capitulation of Japan after which he annulled the alliance with Japan and resigned. Dviṇ Ḅuñykẹtu became the prime minister in the interim which lasted 17 days, during the period of which the Teacher Act of 1945 by which the *gurusbhạ* (teacher's council) was created.

The leader of the Free Daiï Movement, Sẹniẏa Prạmọj, came back from the US to become the new prime minister on 17 September 1945. Meanwhile Rama VII lived and studied in Europe. He came back to Daiï on 5th December 1945.

The about-face was fine with the US because the Free Daiï Movement's leader had been with them all along, but the UK wanted $1\,{}^{1}/_{2}$ million tonnes of free rice from Daiï, whereby the US intervened to say that they should buy it. The agreement was signed on 1st January 1946.

In order to become a member of the United Nation, Daiï had to return all the lands it had gotten back to the Republic of France under the provisional government of Charles de Gaulle. It became the 55th member of the UN on 16 December 1946.

Goang Ȧbhaïvong became the prime minister again on 31 January 1946 but resigned after 45 days. He was replaced by Priḍíṇ Bnomyongġ in March 1946. Biḅulsonggrạm was arrested but released at the end of that month.

Street names are ever changing, especially so those that are in honour of someone who had ruled with the absolute power. In the early 1990s the street on which I live had its name changed from Biḅulsonggrạm to Prajạrạjsạï 1 (*lit* The King's People Number 1).

On 5th May 1946 Rama VII endorsed the new constitution.

Rama IX (b, 5 Dec. 1927) succeeded Rama VIII to the throne on 9th June 1946. During his reign universities were created, for instance *Culạbhaurn̲* in *Jaïbhụmi, Jiangmhăị, Khạunkặen*, *Laṃtagaung* in *Nag̲aurrạjsịmạ*, *Songkhlạnag̲rind̲r* and *Śrịnag̲rindrvirọḍh*.

The *Càobrayạ* Dam was built in Jaïnạd during 1952–1960 and the Bhụmibol Dam in *Tạk* during 1958–1964. Other dams are Bạnglạng in Nrạdhivạs, Kặengkracạn in Bejrbụrị, Nāṃbaung and Uḅolratn̂ in Khaun Kặen, Nāṃbung in Skolnȧgaur, Sirikiṫi in Utrȧd́iṫh, and Sirindhaur in Uḅolrạjdhạnị

From 22 October until 5 November 1956 the king became a monk, and during the period Queen Sirikiṫi (b. 12 Aug. 1932) reigned in place of him.

Anno Domini 1957 is an important date in Buddhism for it marks the middle point of the third millennium in the Buddhist Era. At Śạlạyạ in Nȧgaurpṭhom was built the Buddhmoṇḍol on the ground of 2,500 *rài* where a new Buddha image was placed which is 2,500 *kraḅiad́* (16.25 m) high.

From this time onwards marshals replaced the monarchs who called themselves prime ministers. These Field Marshals started from Plạek Biḅụlsonggrạm who ruled the country during 1940–45 and again in 1947, Thnaum Kittikhcaur in 1957, Srịṣd́xi Dhnarajṫ (d. 9 Dec. 1963) in 1959, and Kittikhcaur again in 1963.

The word 'communists' came to be frequently used by some of them to label younger people, especially university students who stood up against their rules, many of whom insisted that they were protesting for democracy and against tyranny.

Whenever there was a coup d'état there would be announcements on the radio, curfews imposed, and no gatherings of people no matter how small a group allowed. These coup d'états are like the tossing of a coin. On one side is written *kḥoṭ* (rebel) and on the other *pṭivati* (revolution). The latter applies if it should succeed while the former if it fails. Only one thing is certain, that is that you are doomed if charged for being a communist.

Kṛịṣna says in the Bhagavad Gītā, '"I do not do anything," should think the harmonised one, who knoweth the essence of things; seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, eating, moving, sleeping, breathing'. The

Daiï monk Buddhdạs says something similar, '*Van nṭ dāng van rao màiḋài daṃ arai loeï*', in other words, 'Today I have not done anything'. However his words were either misleading or misinterpreted when he said that killing Communist is no sins.

The state of detachment mentioned by Kṛiṣna is that which resembles natural phenomena, in general our subconscious self. A man is never without attachments except when his subconsciousness is at work instead of the conscious mind.

All martial arts strive to train this subconscious mind through repeatedly doing some actions. The Arts of Fighting are thus never a sport. Less so are they a path to become a warrior. They are solely the teaching of the subconscious mind how to dance.

When Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900) used the word *dance*, I think he also means the same thing as that here, that is to say, the involuntary actions. In *Thus speaks Zarathustra* (1883) he made Zarathustra tell us, 'To dance beyond yourselves! What does it matter that you are failures!' This is the same detachment from actions valued alike by the *Bhagavad Gītā* and martial artists.

Therefore, knowing that you are killing a communist, say, it is a sin, because God says, 'Thou shalt not kill!' In fact it is a sin already if we are bent upon killing. Our actions are ruled by our consciousness, therefore we are held answerable to them.

We can only see glimpses of our subconscious mind when it is at work in emergency situations in the form of reflexes. Fighting should be a reflex, and its sole purpose a self-defence. In this state one will not. Most laws recognise this and say that no actions done in a spontaneous self-defence be considered a *crime*, this word being the closest earthly equivalence to *sin*. In fact one never sees how his own subconscious actions work. One sees only the results, and others the actions. Neither knows how it works. This is what makes sports like archery so attractive. One never have a control at the moment immediately before the bow is released. You never do well if you try to control that very instance. It is in the same realm, I would say, of percolation, where something takes place by itself when the time is ripe.

Organised in Philippines in 1957, the Ramon Magsaysay Foundation gave an award to Nilvarṇ Pĭndaung on Social Services in 1961, Póaï Ùengbhạkaurṇ on Economics in 1965, Fhon Sạengkạ̀eö on Health

Organisation in 1966, Siddhibaur Kṛueḍạkaur on Agriculture in 1967, Prayụr Carryạvongṣ on Journalism in 1971, Crụñ Pạncandṙ on his counter-drug treatments using traditional herbs in 1975, Krasạe Jnavongśx on Medical Services in 1976, Praveṣ Vasị on Medical Research in 1981, and Pradịp Ùengdrongdharrm on Public Services in 1978.

The names of Daiï people usually have no tonal marks. This is because they are normally words with a Sanskrit origin. On the other hands names in *Lậnnạ* often come from Pali. Neither one of these two languages is a tonal language.

Apart from the onomatopoeia no words in Daiï have tonal symbols other than the *ẹk* and *dọ* symbols. The Dai language before the Tonal Split which occurred around mid-*Ayudhyạ* period must have had either three or four tones and two symbols. If you come across a Daiï word which has either the *trị* or the *catvạ* symbol, you can safely assume that it is either foreign in origin or onomatopoeic. From this we can see that the name *Póaï* above is no Daiï words. In fact it is Chinese.

During 1959–60 the king and queen visited countries in Asia, Australia, Europe and the US. In Asia he went to Burma, Indonesia and Vietnam. An international airport was built at *Ḍaunmuang*, and in 1960 the Thai Airways International was founded.

In 1961 the Bhụbingġ Palace was built in *Jiangmhăị* and after that the Dakṣiṇ and Bhụbạn Palaces. Culạ́rạjmontrị was created to head people who believe in Islam. He visited Malaysia during 20–27 June 1962, Japan during 27 May–5 June 1963 during the 38th year of Emperor Shouwa's reign.

Śilp Bịraśrị died in 1962. He was an Italian art professor who had lived in Daiï since 1923 and had built many statues for the monuments here.

On 18 August 1964 was opened the planetarium in Bạngkauk. About fifteen years later I went there with a school trip and had a memorable experience. In 1965 Ạbhasrạ Hongskul won the Miss Daiï Contest and then the Miss Universe one which was held in Florida.

Daiï hosted the Fifth Asian Games in 1966, and again the Eight in 1978. The Southeast Asia Peninsula Games was first organised in Bạngkauk in 1961 and the Fourth SEAP Games was held again here during 9–16 December 1967. Then Brunei, Indonesia and Philippines

joined the games and it changed into the Southeast Asian Games.

Hẹm Vẹjkaur (17 Jan. 1903–16 April 1969) was an illustrator and painter. He illustrated many literary and historical books. By 1970 textiles had become the most important industry in the country.

In 1971 was founded the open university, the Rạmgaṃhạeng University. Also in 1971 the Railway Authority gave a piece of land to the king that was eventually built into the Ctucakr Park which was opened on 30 December 1978. Elizabeth II came to Daiï in February 1972 and the king and queen of Malaysia was here in February 1973.

On 14 October 1973 the army under the Field Marshal Kittikhcaur opened fire on students who gathered to demonstrate for democracy. In the end he had to resign and together with his family fled the country. The king appeared on the television to talk to the people on the evening of 17 October. He had appointed the Vice-Chancellor of the Dharrmṡạstṙ University, Sañyạ Dharrmṡakd́xi, to be the next prime minister from 16 October.

Sạenṡakd́xi Muangsurindṙ, also known as Sạeḅ, won the World Championship in junior welter-weight (135–147 lb.) on 15 July 1975 and many times thereafter. The western-style boxing as a sport was introduced in Daiï in 1927 and Phọn Kĭngbejr won the title in flyweight (112 lb. or less).

Phọn was before my time, but I remember watching Sạeḅ on the television several times, that is when he won against Pedro Fernandez in 1975 in Ḅạngkauk and again on 29 October 1976 when he won Miguel Velazquez in Spain. Somehow the teacher or someone produced a television set which we all watch in the classroom instead of studying.

We also watched Muhammad Ali (*né* Cassius Clay, b. 1942) fought for the heavy-weight (175 lb. or over) title in the same manner, but it was towards the end of his career as a boxer and he did not always win.

The *Hạngyạ̈* (long-tailed) boat was invented in Daiï. It has a small propeller at the end of the long tube extending behind the boat. Providing the worst source of the noise pollution because it is very loud, it is found everywhere from Ḅạngkauk to the Khọng River on the Laos border. The engine is never put inside any casing and there are no measures to counter the blast.

Sundraḥbhaurṇ or Ùa Sundaursnạn (1910–1981) wrote and sang songs in Daiï in the style similar to crooners of 1930s and 1940s to whom he was a contemporary. The Stock Exchange of Daiï began its operation on 30 April 1975.

Princess Sirindhaur received her Bachelor of Arts in languages from the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University on 15 July 1977, while Princess Cuĺạbhaurṇ received her Bachelor of Science in Chemistry from the Kṣẹtrśạstr̀ University on 19 July 1979. Both received their degree from the king.

In 1991 I received my first BEng in Mining Engineering from King Rama IX, in 1992 my BS in Computer Science from Princess Sirindhaur, and in 1993 again another BEng in Electrical Engineering from the king.

Formerly Nhaunggạï was known as Bạ̀nphăi. King Rama III (1787–1851, reigned 1824–1851) founded the province in 1827 and named it *Nhaunggạï* after the name of a lake west of the town. Dạ̈ö Suvạu (Bụ̃mạ) became *Brapdumdẹvạbhibạl*, the first governor of Nhaunggạï.

Hairdressing schools in Daiï have places for their students to practise on a real subject where you can have your hair cut for free. Usually the teacher starts at your hair on one side and then lets his student carry on with the other. Thus these schools represent an apprenticeship where the students pay for the customers' haircut. They pay their tuition fee, say, for a year and during this period practise under supervision.

My hair is straight and sometimes I have it curled before having the hair cut, after which I look somewhat better. You can alter your appearance simply by having your hair curled.

Schools of dentistry also have a similar thing for their students to work on a real subject. You have your treatment for free or for a small fee. Here at the dental college of the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University I have my four wisdom teeth removed in 1989 and throw them all into the pond behind the university's front gate. Then I go to England for traineeships at John Dallimore and Partners in Walton-on-Thames during the summer holiday.

In 1996 I have the amalgam filling in my teeth replaced with gold inlays when I visit Daiï from Japan, again at the Cuĺạlongkaurṇ University's dental college. Dentists are divided into two camps, one which is for amalgam while the other against it. In England and Europe they use gold in place of amalgam whereas in Japan composite materials are

preferred. In Daiï, however, people still like to use the mercurial amalgam that I surprise everyone when I say what I want done. Some of the gold have not been well-fitted and they will prove to cause troubles afterwards.

From Saturday 22nd November until Sunday 14*th* December 1997 I am in Daiï, and until 7th December show Megumi around the country in the pick-up that my father had newly bought. Her bag has been damaged on the plane and needs to be repaired, so we do that on Sunday. Then we go to the Cạeng Temple and come back by boat from the pier there.

We buy the train tickets on Monday 25th, then visit the Brakàeö Temple, where the Grand Palace is, and then come back to our place at Rama VII by the express boat from the Ạdityạ Pier. Then we catch the train to *Jiangmhăị* in the evening.

We go up to the Sudẹb Mountain in *Jiangmhăị* the following day. We make a circuit trip where we drive to Mạe Hàungsaun. On the 27th we stay in Mạe Sariang.

On our way here I stopped the car on the mountain road around 9 pm or so, then we put some mosquito lotion on, get off the car and look up at the Milky Way in the sky. It shines so brightly here, the testimony of the Creation, a promenade across the sky with contour so distinct a child would never have missed and there is no question about mistaking it for the cloud. One does not need to learn about it in the class before one recognises it here where you feel yourself so close to the Universe and to God.

On the 28th we stay at Mạe Hàungsaun, on the 29th at Pạï, and back to *Jiangmhăị* on the 30th. On Monday 1st December I show her during the day the temples and at night the Night Bazaar while the car is being serviced after its first long drive.

We are on our way to Bạngkauk the following day. On Tuesday we stay at Sukhọdaï. On Wednesday 3rd we visit Sukhọdaï and Śrịsajnạlaï, and stay at Kaṃbạengbejr, on Thursday at *Ayudhyạ* where we spend some time on the following day before going back to Bạngkauk.

To Daiï people the history of the country normally begins with the Sukhọdaï Kingdom. The kings of Sukhọdaï are namely

Nạönaṃdhom;
Indrḅ́indrạdityạ (Phạmuang);
Indrạdityạ (Bạng Klạng-hạö);
Bạnmuang (d. 1279);
Rạmgaṃhạeng (reigned. 1279, d. 1299);
Saisonggrạm (r. 1299, d. 1322);
Lọedai (r. 1322, d. 1340);
Ngọanaṃthom (r. 1340, d. 1347);
Śrịsụryạbongśxrạm or Dharrmrạjạ I (Lidai, r. 1347);
Dharrmrạjạ II;
Dharrmrạjạ III (Sailụedai, d. 1419); and
Dharrmrạjạ IV (Bṛompạl, r. 1419, d. 1438).

'What is all this nonsense about the reverse brain drain?', I think to myself as a manager at the Daiï national research body NECTEC tells me that they are having problems with funds and there will be no jobs for me there, 'They told us not a year ago to come back and serve our country, and I emailed them and they seemed like they would be very happy if I could come back to Daiï and work for them in the field of E-commerce. What perfidy!'

Myself I never like the idea that we should flock together if only arguing from the fact that we are human not bird, for instance. A wide network with long-distance co-operations is by far a better idea that is more robust.

But I come back to Daiï all the same, not because there is no opportunities for me to live and work in Japan, but because I find it more challenging to be here when the economic crisis of the country is at its worst. Japan also has its share of economic downturns it is true. But these are by no means a crisis, the robust essential and fundamental elements of the country's society does not allow this.

No, it is right here that I had wondered, most often silently but sometimes aloud, to myself and some friends of mine why such an unrobust society as this had lasted for so long and seemed to be thriving even. But I have applied for a job everywhere and have not been given even half a job.

I ask God, 'Father, why am I here? I am not needed here, so I want to know wherefore you put me here and not elsewhere'. Of course there is no reply from Him, or I would not be standing here now if there was one. You never expect a reply from God, for His attribute is

that of a good listener. But have faith that he knows your needs and is working out something for you. You need never bother to make a lengthy descriptive or narrative prayer either, for he knows what you need before you realise it even.

At the end of June 1999 I read books from the library of the Japan Cultural Centre again. I used to be a member here before, but my card has long since expired. However, I can use my old membership number, which is G 007, and since it sounds like an exclamation followed by the number of Bond I am quite happy with it.

The library is still free of charge now. But not long after this however, that is in 2003, the library introduces a fee for borrowing members. This is the case with not only this library but also the library at the Goethe Institut. This is not at all good, since a library should be free of charge. Knowledge should be free for all and affordable to everyone.

By 30^{th} July I have applied through the British Council in Ḅangkauk for places to do a PhD in Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics at Cambridge and in Political Economics at the London School of Economics. I have to ask both David and Graham to be my referee.

I also apply to do the Study of Translation, and write to Mona to say that I am interested in machine translation, My research interest is in machine translation and the design and implementation of a word-processor that is capable of multi-language environments. The examples of these are TEX and Mule. There are ample rooms for developments in this area, some of the things of which are fundamental.

Furuta still lacks compassion as ever, for he writes to me on 13^{th} August 1999 to discourage me from researching and teaching. And imagine Ben still suggests that I should return to Japan to complete the degree!

I have come to doubt the integrity of heathens. Most Buddhists whom I know are to me agnostics. Either this or they are pragmatists even in their dream, and thus are attached to nothing except idols. I also apply to the University of Paris-6.

I cannot live without playing the piano. Since there are no libraries in Daiï that have piano musics, I ask Rick on the 16^{th} to buy some of them for me from the Internet. He is in Ohio and therefore it is easier from him to buy things that way there. I must have thought

that I shall live forever, in Daiï in any case, for I buy so many books of musics by various composers, among others Isaac Albéniz (1860–1909; *Iberia and Espana*), Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714–1788), Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750; *Italian concerto, chromatic fantasia and fuge*; Organ music), Dietrich Buxtehude (1637–1707), William Byrd (1542 or 1543–1623; *My lady nevells booke of virginal music*), César Auguste Franck (1822–1890; Organ works), François Couperin (1668–1733), French piano music, Louis Moreau Gottschalk (1829–1869), Enrique Granados (1867–1916; *Goyescas, Spanish dances*), George Frideric Handel (1685–1759), Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809; *Complete piano sonatas*), Franz Liszt (*Piano transcriptions from French and Italian Operas*), Johann Pachelbel (1653–1706), Russian piano music, Erik Satie (Alfred Eric Leslie Satie, 1866–1925; *Gymnopedies, gnossiennes and other works*), Domenico Scarlatti (1685–1757; *keyboard sonatas*), Franz Peter Schubert (1797–1828; *Dances for solo piano*), Piano transcription of marches by John Philip Sousa (1854–1932), Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck (1562–1621), and Georg Philipp Telemann (1681–1767; *36 fantasias for keyboard*).

By 11^{th} December 1999 I have been jobless for more than seven months. During the first six months of that period I was very upset. Having written to no less than a hundred companies, I have found no jobs.

I went to Paris for a one-year DEA which could lead to another three years of PhD. But the expense is higher than I had expected, so I came back. Also, my French is terrible and I found it difficult to follow the lectures.

I am at the moment more relaxed now, taking life as it comes. I read books on Philosophy which I could borrow from the library at the Goethe Institut, and I play the piano. Today I went to Goethe Institut again and then to Cuĺạ because it was the third and last day the Cuĺạ *vijạkạr* (teaching) Days.

The BTS, that electrified, elevated train dubbed the *skytrain*, is already up and running. The infrastructure of Bạngkauk is going to take shape at long last, which is amazing for a city this size. All good things come late even when they are on time. The lateness of something only goes to say that it is here, and nothing more. The timing is nothing, the attitude everything.

For most parts of 2000 I am without jobs and live in Bạngkauk. I try to find out how to tune the piano myself, but it seems to be difficult. I

search on the Internet, and come up with things like, 'You can tune a piano, but you can't tuna fish'. Puns are well-liked the world over.

I see Ben sometimes, and when I mention this to him he tells me another one which he has seen in an ad I think of the Guinness Beer. It goes, 'Toucans in a nest. Try it and see what one or toucans do'.

He says you have to bring out what you have and say to people, 'This is me. Try me!', to be employed. I think that this is synthesised from all the know-how's you know. But before that is the know-why's which are the results of the reflection and research you have done on the knowledge or information you have.

A country is never without wraths. When you do not heed its needs, it resorts to social problems. I wish I could keep myself aloof and out of this world. But a young girl misusing her body, for instance, is nothing new on earth. Thinking that they are defying the rules, they are in fact greatly influenced by them. If she is proud that she has finally done what others believe to be wrong, then she is actually under the influence of the social norms and taboos as much as those who told her not to do such things. I hope she sees what I mean.

This is mid-April (20^{th}) and the hottest time of the year. Hedge-funds only destroy your body, but drugs get rid of your soul. This is the stuff that the percolation of a country is made of. It is the question of *to be*, or *not to be*, to be no more.

I remember that Ken told me, in early October of 1998, how a boy who failed in maths was sent to a Catholic school, after which he turned a genius on the subject. It was not the school but the boy himself who did it. 'On that first day, when I walked in the front door,' he related, 'and saw that guy nailed to the plus sign, I *knew* they were serious!'

Possibly, a partial solution to the question, '*Muss mann zuerst sterben wird, daß mann immer um zu leben kann?*', must be to 'learn as if to live forever; live as if to die tomorrow'.

Towards the end of 2000 I do some research in languages at the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology in the UK, which leads to the discovery of a new writing system using the Roman alphabet for the Daiï language by the end of 2001.

In the Daiï writing system space is for separating ideas, the equivalent

of the punctuation marks comma, semi-colon, colon and full stop in English. You put no space between words in general. To a novice this makes the syllabification a nightmare. I adopt the English system of punctuations.

Then the 32 Daiï vowels become a, ạ, i, ị, ue, ụe, u, ụ, e, ẹ, ae, ạe, o, ọ, au, ạu, oe, ọe, ia, ịa, ua, ụa, oa, ọa, ṛue, ṛụe, ḷue, ḷụe, aṃ, ai, aị and ao. I standardise these myself.

The philosophy that underlies my design is based on both the application and appeals. The tone symbols are adapted from the *pīn yīn* system of China which was developed in Russia's Siberia.

As for the consonants, I follow Pali and Sanskrit as much as possible and derive my own way of writing when these fail me, always using only either a dot below them or an acute accent above them or, only once, both. The name of the letters of the alphabet are all read with the vowel *ạu*, for example *k* is read 'kạu', *g* 'gạu', and so on, except when you group them into the five groups, each one of which containing five consonants, according to the Pali and Sanskrit grammars when they are read with the vowel *a* instead. These groups are namely the *ka*, *ca*, *ṭa*, *ta* and *pa*, and are listed respectively as *ka, kha, ga, gha, nga*; *ca, cha, ja, jha, ña*; *ṭa, ṭha, ḍa, ḍha, ṇa*; *ta, tha, da, dha, na*; and *pa, pha, ba, bha, ma*.

The dot above a consonant replaces the mute symbol *kạrant̲*, and the consonant under it is thereby not pronounced. The *a* vowel that comes with these muted consonants may be omitted, for example the word *kạrant̲* above may be written as *kạrant̲* without ambiguity, but other vowels, namely *i* and *u*, that come with them must be written, for example, *śakd́xi* (honour) and *bandhu* (genealogy).

The capital *X* is never used, and neither is *x* as a letter of the alphabet. The latter when put behind another consonant is equivalent to the dot above it. This is in order to avoid having two symbols above any letter the appearance of which I think awkward. An example of this is the word *śakd́xi* just mentioned.

A dot above a vowel means that the latter is *rāi rụp*, that is with no written form. These are predominantly the *a rāi rụp* or non-written *a*, which is written *a̲*. Some *ạu* can also be written as *a̲*, for example *ḅa̲ud́indra̲* (king) is the same as *ḅa̲d́indr̲* or *ḅd́indr̲*.

When the vowel *ạu*, *ịa*, *ụa*, or *ọa* is followed by a final consonant,

the dot that comes with it may be omitted as the result of which it is shortened respectively into *au*, *ia*, *ua* and *oa*.

All syllables in Daiï have the form c_1vc_2 where c_1 is its leading- while c_2 its final consonant.

Another reserved character is the *q*, which becomes equivalent for the character that precedes it to a dot below it. You only use this in cases where there are no ways of writing that dot. These are the only two reserved characters, namely the *x* and the *q*.

But similarly to them the acute accent may be replaced by the *z* written behind the corresponding letter. This is true in cases where it appears on top of a vowel as well as when on a consonant. The four tone-symbols likewise has their typewriter's replacements, as can be best shown when one considers *kạ, kặ, kậ, kā́, kạ́* which become *kaq, kaqv, kaqh, kaqf, kaqz* respectively. Here the *q* stands for the under-dot as is already mentioned.

'A Night at the Opera' is a concert on Saturday and Sunday 18th–19th March 2000 at the Oriental Hotel in Bạngkauk. I help in the performance as a volunteer, doing solo *goang blaung* (pole, in this case flag, spinning) and some sword acts. On 5th March we have a meeting at *Daḅ Lẹn* in *Smudrprạkạr*, on the 11th at Karen's place in Brakhnọng, on the 15th a rehearsal inside the gymnasium at the International School of Bangkok on Sukhumvid Road, and on the 16th a run-through.

In the performance I wear on each leg a covering made of cloth and shaped like a tube. At the bottom end of this are attached two long ropes which I pass under the sole of my foot, around my ankle, and then criss-crossing up the leg.

I have made myself a silvery helmet which guards my head at the temples and then down the sides of my face and my chin. On top of my head a part of the helmet forms a cross. I perform barefoot. With the swords I do on the first night a mimic *tị-kleắ* (improvising) bout, cascade-necks and then the *māisạm*.

On the second night I feel fed up because Pop had cut up the piece of rope that I use to wind around my swords in place of a scabbard. The rope is a relic from my days in the UK when I used to wind it around my hand the way the rope-fisted boxer did in the old Sïam. He has found it on the top of the shelf where I meticulously hid it earlier and

has now wound it around his feet. He is the stage producer and I have no clues for what he has been dressing up.

I salute with the sword and then pose the *glum traibhob*, in the *Laṃbụn* style of *Páung*, where the swords cross each other in shape of a cross and the upper part of one arm rests on the wrist of the other. Because of the salute my bout becomes too short and nobody likes my performance for the second night. Also with the flags I turn myself around while doing the *thẹr kvạ́ laṇ* instead of always facing the audience.

I have added one piece of costume to my body this evening, that is the cuirass I had made last night. Two strings go up to either side of my neck and then cross each other behind my back before they are fastened to the sides of the breastplate. Polovtsian wears no backplates.

In the evening before the show on each night I swim in the hotel's swimming pool. Tonight I stay in the Room 2008 at the Sheraton Hotel under Cuk's name. She had reserved some rooms there in case some of those who were helping in the concert need some place to stay for the night. But everybody was happy to return to their respective home however late, and I am left by myself to this spacious and luxurious room which I enormously enjoy, and the breakfast. In the two pools of the hotel, one in the Embassy Garden on the ground floor and the other on the first floor, I swim the next morning for half an hour. Then I go up to my room to wait for Cuk to call, and when she finally come down to meet and talk with her over the coffee.

My mother tongue is a language called *Lạ̄nnạ* and my second language Daiï. My first experience of English was in 1972 at the age of six when I was put into an exam room to answer English language questions, having not yet started to learn my ABC. That did it; I cried and the experience stuck.

My firsthand experience of a language that comes close to extinction through politics and negligence is through my first language. Not only for Lạ̄nnạ, but now that the Internet percolates and with it English what Ward (2002) calls a *language cull* is a phenomenon of concern which is wiping out languages and language clusters all over the world.

Having spent a great part of my life living outside Daiï, I have grown an interest in transcription systems. This is because Daiï cannot be written on the computer easily. With an exception of the machine language which uses only zeros and ones, which no one uses, every computer

language from the Assembly language upwards is written in English. This makes things difficult not only for Daiï, but even for German or French.

Encoding standards like Unicode have fought a long and losing battle since no one ever feel confidence with any one of them, let alone feeling secure enough from changes. Once you get outside a cluster of a country like Daiï, you can be assured that life will become very hard for you computerwise unless you can translate all your thoughts into English or are able to write your national script using a roman alphabet transcription.

I have thought and sought long and hard for such transcriptions which will work for Lạ̄nṇạ and Daiï. Many have tried their hands on this and failed, at least in my point of view. The trouble with these two languages is that they are tonal. Moreover both have more characters than the sounds to represent them with due to historical reasons, as a result many letters necessarily have the same sound.

I discovered the system that I like, and that I am convinced would work, during the most solitary Christmas I have experienced to date, that is that of 2001. Two existing systems help towards the derivation of this system of mine, namely the *Pīn Yīn* system of Chinese and the Romanised systems for Pali and Sanskrit.

One may rest assured that Chinese will never be wiped out from the surface of the earth, if only by reasoning from the shear number of people speaking and writing it. But even for a language of such potential as Chinese the help towards this prospect of longevity comes no less from the transcription system just mentioned, *Pīn Yīn*, which is surprisingly, and ironically, discovered by the Russians. As a transcription for a tonal language, *Pīn Yīn* puts all the tonal marks above the letters, to be more precise the vowels.

Romanised Pali and Sanskrit systems on the other hand is no tonal languages but have trouble mapping their alphabet into that of English. As a solution, new characters are created from the roman characters by three different methods, namely putting a dot beneath the letter, writing an *h* behind it, or putting an accent mark on top of it. There are two accents used for such purpose, that is the tilde and the acute accent.

I adapted the tonal marks placed on top of vowels from Chinese, and the creation of new characters from the method used for these ancient

Indo-European languages of the India subcontinent. Luckily these two different adaptations do not conflict with each other as the former only adds things on top of vowels while the latter do so underneath or on top of a consonant.

The only conflict observed so far comes from the silencing symbol which I keep on top of a consonant, which seldomly has to go on top of an accent. Generally I dislike any two symbols being put on top of a single letter, but in this case the phenomenon is so rare as to be comparable with the occasional sixth or seventh put into a minor chord in composing a piece of music that I think it will do for now.

All the dots and accents mentioned of course can get into the Internet with neither ease nor elegance, as the French and the German have taught us. But one can choose to omit them as the French do or, what I prefer, to change them each into a letter like the German does.

I follow this preference to the letter as a result of which if French were written using my general system on an English-only computing environment, then all the accents and cédilles will be changed into their respective equivalent letters. At this stage all the transcriptions become possible. It will be another huge leap of faith to the next step where everything, accents and all, may be transcribed on an accent-unfriendly environment of a monolingual computer.

Definitions of the single and the compound vowels differ between the languages of South East Asia and those of the West as a result of which many of the single vowels in the former would have been described as being compound in the latter. Bhụmiśakd́xi (1963) in his monograph on the Lahu language followed the original definitions of the languages. He used only one vowel for each of his vowels which are single but had to add *h* and *r* behind most of them to account for their number. His representations of the tonal marks are similar to those found in normal use, which also differs from the one I propose here, but seem to follow rules which either are difficult to remember or are still in the making and thus have not been adequately simplified for use. This may be due to the fact that he wrote the treatise while being detained in the Lạd́yạö gaol in Bạngkauk for being a communist, the charge put on him by the militant dictator who rules at that time.

It is also interesting to note that *Pīn Yīn* is also a product of a, this time genuine, communist regime. It was created in Russia during the time when many minority languages of the country are given systematic

transcriptions; obviously among these was Mandarin.

According to Bohan (1978) ‡, the New Latin Script started by the overseas Chinese in Vladivostok in 1931. The present approach differs from his in that here only the five vowel letters of English are considered as single vowels. This may have been the *Pīn Yīn* system in its earliest form. It is interesting to note how a Latinised system should have been created in Russia.

I have no doubt that my system will be able to accommodate Lahu as comfortably as it does Daiï and Lạ̄nnạ, but still have to prove this in practice in the future.

Vladivostok is a southern port city of Russia. It has been occupied by both the western as well as the Japanese forces. But in 1931 when what Bohan called the New Latin Script for Chinese started, the city belonged to Russia under Lenin. Therefore it would be interesting to find out whether this purported new script used the Latin alphabet or the Cyrillic. The latter is of course the official script of Russia.

My conjecture is that the new transcription system was originally written in Cyrillic and then Romanised after the Chinese government adopted and nationalised it. Russia at the time was in a high spirit as it was only one year ago that Lenin told the Russian people not to be *dizzy with success* after a *tremendous achievement* in collective farming.

Such system was found published in Moscow two decades after China first became aware of the system (Oshanina, 1955) † as a Chinese–Russian dictionary in which words like *shuō*, *to speak*, was written in the Cyrillic Russian script as *shō* and *shuōlǐ*, *to argue*, as *shuolǐ*. The tonal marks which are the strong point of the new system are the same in both. This publication reflects an effort in the systematic transcription of languages other than Russian in Russia at that time.

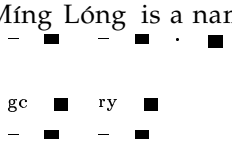
Still I think *Pīn Yīn* is but a phonetic aid, not a transcription. It is my idea to develop a truly transcriptional system. Most if not all of

‡ Cao Bohan. The Chinese language movement since the May Fourth Period. in *Language reform in China*. Peter J Seybolt and Gregory Kuei-ke Chiang. Eds. M E Sharp Inc. 1978 (1979).

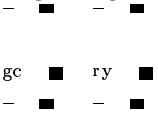
† I M Oshanina. *Chinese–Russian Dictionary*. (*Kitaĭsko–Russkiĭ Slovarb*) State Publisher. Foreign and National Lexicographer. (*Gosudarstvennoe Izdatelbstvo. Inostrannyĭ i Nacionalbnyĭ Slovareĭ*) Moscow. 1955.

the attempts in the past towards this aim failed because people tried to put too many things on the text line. As I see it, the space below the line is never used by any Romanised system for Chinese. So my idea is to transcribe not only the pronunciation, which *Pīn Yīn* has already gracefully achieved, but also to transcribe the radicals or *bùshǒu* as the following sentence which was the first one that I tried out shows,

Zhāng Míng Lóng is a name of a person.



You should not simply say Zhāng Míng Lóng
because that is not specific enough.
So Zhāng Míng Lóng is a name,



and not a game. Let us see what
the next line skip shall be.

In this example the last word *Lóng* which means *a dragon* is a radical, which is indicated by an underdot. The word *Zhāng* here comprises of two radicals, namely *gōng* , *a bow*, and *cháng* which means *long*; *g* represents the former, *c* the latter. The other word *Míng* used in this Chinese name of mine also has two radicals, *i.e. rì* which means *the Sun*, and *yuè* , *the Moon*; *r* represents the former, *y* the latter.

In this case if nothing is indicated underneath a word, then it is a phonetic transcription and thus subjected to ambiguity in the meaning. This system is therefore an extension to *Pīn Yīn*. In other words, what I propose here is a new transcription system which uses the phonetic system of *Pīn Yīn*. Once set out, there are much work to be done to ensure the isomorphism and the ease of use.

I came to Manchester in September 1999 expecting to a PhD work in Language Engineering. I was assigned to work under the supervision of Dr Fawcett at the translation group. In one of the few meetings

I had with him I mentioned to him that one of the reasons why I wished to do my PhD in language and translation is that I would like to make electronic standards for Lạnnạ and Daiï. I had thought about the problem for about five years. In that meeting Peter asked me where one could find a book on Lạnnạ grammar. After the meeting I thought about his question and as a result my approach to the problem slightly changed its course.

I was born in Jiangmhăị, the old capital of Lạnnạ which is now a part of Daiï, so Lạnnạ is my mother tongue. In a way Daiï is also my mother tongue, but I only started using it at school.

Both Daiï and Lạnnạ has a writing script which is unrelated to the Roman script used in Europe. I have found no books on the Lạnnạ grammar at the several libraries in Manchester I normally use. I would have liked to write a grammar book on the Lạnnạ language for Peter in Romanised transcription. But in order to be able to do so, one need to have the transcription system in question first. This simply exists for neither Daiï nor Lạnnạ, nor indeed any of the languages in the Dai family.

The same is also true for Chinese, which is also a tonal language. In the case of languages which are based on the Chinese characters, the numerous amount of characters, thousands of them, makes transcription possible only for the pronunciation. One cannot distinguish the different words which have the same pronunciation from one another.

In case of Daiï where many letters of the alphabet may have the same sound, where vowels are in great number and where many exceptions in the pronunciation exist, such Romanised writing system has often been deemed impossible.

During the Christmas vacation in 2001 I found a solution to the problem. The solution which I think is the best I have ever seen. I have rigorously tested it for Daiï and I am convinced that it works well there. I have extended the system to Lạnnạ, and it seems to be working well there too. I adapt it for both Japanese and Chinese, where I think a Romanised writing which gives a one-to-one mapping can become possible, but there are more work to be done if only because of the shear number of their characters. For many reasons, Japanese has proved so far to be far more difficult to deal with than Chinese.

The systems which I designed for the use with Lạnnạ and Daiï are

based on the *Pīn Yīn* system, developed in Russia and used in China, the Romanised systems for Pali and Sanskrit, a small part from the writing of German, and the rest I myself designed. My aim is for systems that not only work, but also give likeable results.

All languages of the world form clusters. It is not difficult to imagine such clusters or groups of languages. One may ask what are the things which bind languages in the same cluster together. One possible answer may be their ancestral history. Languages will form clusters differently depending on what criteria we think bind them together.

To me, languages are bounded together when they share a writing system in common. Because of this, Russian and Greek with their unique scripts seem very different from English, even though all of them are Indo-European languages, while on the other hand Hungarian are easier to read, and as a result looks more familiar, despite the fact that it belongs to a completely different family.

Languages in Asia and Europe form three major clusters, namely the Indo-European, Chinese, and Tai clusters. To the Indo-European group belong most of the languages in Europe and India, as well as Iranian. To the Chinese cluster belong Chinese, Japanese and Korean. And to the Dai cluster belong Daiï, Lạ̄nnạ, and many other languages including Ahom which is already extinct.

The transcription systems which I designed will help bring these these three clusters of languages together and make the transfer of knowledges and experiences among them easier. This will help create a better cross cultural understanding, which will lead us closer to the globalisation of the world. After Japanese and Chinese, I plan to develop similar Romanised writing systems for all the languages of the Dai family.

On the other hand, the thing which bind a group of people together is the dialect. Therefore people from Ireland living in Manchester form a local Irish community but people of Irish descendant who live in Australia or New Zealand never form such a group, because the Irish dialect is retained in the former while the latter either speak Aussie or Kiwi accent and thus identify themselves with their present respective countries.

From this it follows that racism is not the hatred of races as such, but rather the aversion and prejudice against languages or dialects that are different from one's own. The Jewish community in the Nazi Germany,

for instance, while able to use German, are bound together by Yiddish.

In Lāṇṇạ there is a story that during the time of the Burmese occupation, nearly three centuries ago before *Ayudhyạ* fell for the second time, the Burmese would kill anyone they came across who had the distinctive Daiï accent.

I develop these systems along side with macros on TEX. They are the experimental apparatuses by which I test the applicability and feasibility of each system. From these macros arise yet other systems of lower levels which can be used for writing using only standard ASCII characters.

In other words, as a by-product of the development of these macros are writing systems which one can use to write in a normal email Daiï, Lāṇṇạ, *etc*, using only the roman alphabet, while at the same time retaining, in the form of certain characters, the tonal marks and accents, and with these the exact meaning of the original texts.

Admittedly these still give a somewhat outlandish look, but to me they look less so than any other similar efforts that I have seen so far. Moreover they are more systematised and are easy to understand, and about as easy to use as *Pīn Yīn*.

Based on the graph theory, the coordination number of a language is defined to be the number of connections between one language and the others. Higher coordination numbers mean higher connectivities. This idea of connectivity and coordination number can also be applied to other things in the study of languages.

Because a word can have more than one meaning, if one consider words as being sites, and the same meanings between them as bonds within a network, then the number of bonds leading away from each site is the coordination number of that site and the word it represents.

On the other hand, one may think of two different kinds of sites, one representing the words while the other their abstract meanings. Then the sites of one kind can be mapped over to some sites of the other kind. This is similar to the previous case, where all sites are of the same kind, except that now each site of the second kind replaces the various bonds, in the former case, all of which have the same meaning. This reduction of duplicate bonds to unique items will come in handy when one comes to create a database for them. Since the sites of the second kind are all

abstract description, their identities must be established in the form of definitions.

To me conventional languages, mathematics, and music are all languages. I treat each of them differently from the other no more than I treat Japanese differently from Daiï.

The brain, however, is divided into two hemispheres, the left and the right ones. The conventional languages as well as all the right-handed activities are looked after by the left hemisphere while geometrical languages and the left-handed activities by the right hemisphere.

Many great thinkers, for example Penrose and Hoyle, claim they think *visually*, the term used by Penrose for thinking in geometrical figures instead of in words, phrases or sentences. Obviously these great thinkers seldom read outside their specialised fields, or they have not done it enough, for their *controversial* issue whether one needs to think in words, or as sounds of the words, has already been answered at least as far back as the 16^{th} century by Cardan, or more likely more than a thousand of years before that by Plato in his *Cratylus*.

It is possible for a deaf-mute as well as for a congenitally blind person to form units of speech and to understand the interconnections among them. Moreover, not only that these units of speech need be no sounds, they even need be no words. Either this is the case, or our definition of words has to be extended to cover both the Braille and Sign languages.

The thinking in terms of combinations of abstract units instead of sounds is nothing short of a geometrical thinking. One only needs to start his first class of Sign language to see this, as I had done in 1998 the Japanese Sign language while in Japan.

I have never been particularly good at Sign, but I find that gradually one comes to a point where one no longer attach words with signs, and thinks fully in terms of the latter. Therefore Japanese Sign has got nothing to do with Japanese. You can say Japanese using standardised signs, but then it would no longer be Japanese Sign but a sign transcription of Japanese.

Also Japanese Sign is different from British Sign, French Sign, and German Sign for instance. Japanese Sign is, however, influenced by the Japanese culture. As an example, the sign which means *thank you* in Japanese Sign is a traditional gesture of a sumo, Sumo being a classic

and national sport of Japan. There is nowhere else in the world where people know how to watch Sumo, so there is little chance that the sign will be understood elsewhere even though it sticks to your mind like nothing does if you relate it to Sumo. One may say that the sign is metaphoric.

The study of deaf or blind people, with relation to the time of the onset of these conditions in each case and to people who are normal, is an important key which will lead to a better understanding of the working of languages and the mind.

Languages are important because they are the only means by which we can be intelligent, by which we can be human. They are the things that bind the people of a community together and differentiate one community from the others. In modelling of a sociological network they are the things that decide the topology of the clusters.

The brain is a hardware which may resemble a network of some sort. Control engineers have been trying relentlessly to model their neural network after the synaptic actions of the brain cells. I think that except for the similar name their effort seems to be moving further and further apart from what they are trying to model, so much so that now it seems to me reasonably safe to say that the neural network of Control System and that of Neurology are two totally different things.

I agree with Penrose that the brain is governed by quantum mechanics. Furthermore I think that understanding is the result of a percolation of some kind, therefore not localised to any specific point within the brain.

Some ten years ago I read about medical experiments which show that in every human, including polyglots, there is always an interval of tension when one switches from one language to another. The only difference between normal people and polyglots is in the length of this interval, which is much shorter in the latter than in the former. The finding claims detection of spikes in the electrical signal within the brain at such transitions.

If confirmed, this would show that the brain does not treat all languages as a single one but instead as different sets. At each switching from one language to another the brain somehow readjusts itself to accommodate the new language. The existence of the spike would confirm that this is a percolative process, since it separates the two phases

of the brain from each other, namely the ones which accommodates the language before and after the switching.

At the time when I read about it, however, this study only explained what I thought was a most unusual and interesting, if not intriguing, experience. In the spring of 1990 while working in Budapest I happened one day to be standing in a queue in front of an embassy. I had on me a T-shirt which has the word *Bangkok* written in bold across the chest. One woman approached and asked me in Daiï whether I was a Daiï. I immediately understood what she said, but what gave me a cold sweat was that for as much as fifteen seconds all I could say in Daiï to answer her was a yes. Towards the end of the dreadful interval, which seemed to me an hour, I felt like fainting and had to squat down, and I think that she did the same. Then I asked her in my incoherent Daiï to forgive me for I told her I found myself unable suddenly to speak my own language!

Such had been my experience that when I read about the research work mentioned it suddenly dawned on me that what happened then was my firsthand experience of the *language switching shock*, which I am now happy to rephrase as the *phase transitional shock* of the brain. At the time when it happened I had been thinking wholly in English for three months. There had been absolutely no Daiïs around. In fact that lady was the only one I met there. This together with the unexpected nature of the meeting helps towards producing a lasting impression.

That experience was not the only one either. The more languages I come to learn and use the oftener are my later experiences similar to it. But none of these has the degree comparable to that first one. In fact I notice them only because I had experienced *the real thing*, which they resemble though fall short of in comparison by a matter of orders. For example I find it equally at ease to speak either Lā̱nna̱ or Daiï. But to switch back and forth between them is another matter which, not for want of practice, I still cannot do without a certain level of anxiety.

As another example, when I started this research in 2000 I shared the room C62 in the Mill with two other researchers, Daomin and Zoran. As I programme in Matlab I often find myself at times immersed and think in the language. Whenever this was the case and someone interrupted me with his conversation I would find myself for a brief period helplessly unable either to speak or to think in English.

When you look at your own computer programme written a long time ago it is not because you have yourself become less apt that you find

it hard to understand. But rather it was because you need to get that state of mind when you wrote it to be able to understand it.

In other words, your self is no longer yourself unless it is in phase or in the same phase with it. Or should I say instead that your self is always yourself no matter how many possible phases it may have?

Such is a marvellous work of the human brain. One step out of control and we have what we call in medicine *multiple personalities* where a single brain could house several separate persons, or a lunatic who finds it impossible to switch from the other phase back to his sociable self, in tune with the reality.

Here it may not be irrelevant to quote a passage from Stirling's belated reply, dated 16^{th} April 1738 , to Euler's praising letter written 8^{th} June 1736 ,

> 'For after deliberations have been interrupted, not to say neglected, for a long time, patience is required before the mind can be brought to think about the same things once again.'

With the language of music, I conjecture without the necessary skill to proof that the theoretical activities of composing and orchestration is run by the left hemisphere while the sight-reading skill has more to do with the right hemisphere of the brain.

I have asked myself what the language of thought is, and what that of the unconscious thought. Although thinking is done consciously, I think that the percolative process which leads to discoveries or the understanding of something occurs in the unconscious activity of the brain which runs behind the scene like background processes in Unix. Therefore a decisive answer or judgement may be conscious, but the activities leading up to it should have already taken place earlier as a percolation within the unconscious thought.

Thought itself may depend in some ways to the languages in which we think. Geometrical thinking could mean that the left hemisphere is doing most of the job, but it could also mean more than that. Languages are more than means to communicate information. They are the products of cultures and therefore are also information in themselves. When someone thinks in two situations using two different languages, he may be thinking a little differently each time. I find that my judgement changes, slightly I hope, but perceptibly depending on whether

I am in a Daiï-, Lạ̄nnạ-, Japanese-, or English-speaking countries. This may have to do with the difference in the cultures or ways of life as much as the languages, and I think that the two cannot be easily separated.

As for the language of my thought, roughly speaking it was predominantly Lạ̄nnạ during my childhood until 1983, then it was English or Daiï until 1996, and then Japanese or English until 1999, and thereafter it has been English. And even for the English language, since I was a child it must have been based on the language of, the Americans until about 1983, the Kiwis until 1985, the British until 2000, and then it could have been only the written language for me since I started to write and have to forget what I have learnt.

The matter of transliterations has always occupied my mind. The name of Daiï people can never be transliterated with sufficient satisfaction using any of the systems which exist now. Until 1985 or 1986 I used to write my name as *Tiyapun*. Aṃnạc, aka Ben, mentioned that *pun* is not a nice word in English and since there is no way I could go wrong writing it otherwise I changed it to the present *Tiyapan*, which is what he suggested.

Either in 1999 or a year before that, I had some further discussion with him on why names like mine one should not be written in English as *Gidtisagg Teeyapann*, which is about the closest to the Daiï pronunciation I could think of then, and why indeed could it not otherwise be written as *Kittixak Tiyapan*. My first name is quite a common name for the Daiïs and everybody writes it as *Kittisak* with an *s* not as *Kittixak* with an *x*, so if I wrote it as the latter I could make my name stand out from the crowd or so I reasoned.

His comment gave me my present trademark *Kittix* as he said it looks well. I agree that it does because it looks symmetric and balanced. Originally I thought about opting for '>:Kittix' as the sign for the trademark, the front parts being a pictorial symbol of a pair of knitted brows and two eyes in accord with the informal Internet convention of 90°counter clockwise rotation, which makes it look like `>:Kittix` in emails. But later I decided to keep it simple and only kept the term coined by Aṃnạc.

According to present transcription system which I have designed, my name is *Kittiśakd́xi Tiy̲a̲band̲h*, and my middle name *Nui* becomes *Nhŭï*. But I will leave my name as it is since it is a proper name and there is

an exception for that in every language.

Such exception is very prominent in the case of the Japanese language where, strictly speaking, one could write for one's name any Kanji or Chinese character one likes and has it pronounced anything one wishes. In Japan, except in cases where there is a pronunciation written out in full, you are never absolutely certain whether you pronounce a name of your fellow countrymen rightly the way the owner of the name has in his mind. Although this posts no great a problem in these days when people tend not to make their names deviate from the norms, extending my present system to cover the Japanese transcription using the Roman alphabet is not easy. Chinese is much easier in comparison while French, German, and presumably all European languages should be yet simpler to deal with.

My aim is nothing less than making a similar transcription system which works well for each one of the languages in the Tai family, and then perhaps for languages in other families as well. Like something which percolates, I feel that my understanding of the problem has past its most crucial point and this aim would not be too farfetched now.

Kittiśakd́xi is a word of Pali and Sanskrit origin which means *renown* (*kitti* is the Pali equivalent of Sanskrit *kirti*, *śakti* is Sanskrit for 'power', and *d́* is another Daiï way of representing the Sanskrit *t*), *Nhŭï* is probably Daiï in origin which also means *big* in Maori (*nui*), while *Ṭiya͟bandh* is a combination between Chinese and Pali which means *related to the Zhāng family*.
– gc –

Most names of the Daiï people nowadays are coined from words in Pali or Sanskrit imported from India. Daiïs rarely introduce themselves by their *real* names in everyday life. Instead we use a *nickname*, which is either a mistranslation or a misnomer from the Daiï word *jụ̀elèn*. I think that the former rather than the latter is the case, that *jụ̀elèn* has several meanings, one of which is *nickname*, and therefore that it should instead be translated either as *the other name* or as the *casual name*.

In contrast to the real names which are usually imported words as mentioned above, these casual names are generally Daiï in origin. Because Daiï is a monosyllabic language, the casual names are thus normally monosyllabic.

Apart from the real names tending to contain more syllables than the

casual ones, and rather more beautiful, to a European or an English speaker they also tend to have a more familiar look. This is because both Pali and Sanskrit belongs to the Indo-European language family, the same family to which both Latin and Greek belong. Many languages in India now are descendants of Sanskrit, and quite a few Daiï names use the same words as, for instance, Hindi.

But for the difference in the methods of transcription, Daiï having no system to date as mentioned, many Daiï names would have looked similar to those of Indians. For example, the name 'Chandra' is more correctly written as 'Candra', and in the system proposed here would read 'Candṙ' in Daiï which, if written from a pronunciation, would probably read 'Jan'. In Pali, *canda* is the moon while *chanda* the love and contentment. Similarly my name 'Kittisak' when written using the present system as 'Kittiśakd́xi' already looks closer to an Indian name.

Music is arguably the language of the mind. In the case of post-encephalitis patients who experience adverse effects from the L-DOPA (*cf* Oliver Sacks, *Awakenings*, Piccador, Pan Books, 1973 (1982)), music generally improves their conditions. Because these effects seem to be the reactions in the subconscious selves, the language of the subconscious mind is likely to be a music of some kind.

All living organisms have an underlying rhythms of life. Examples are breathing, heart beats, menstruation periods, and awakening-sleeping cycles. The mind, then, must likewise have rhythmic activities of its own. The only difference is that in case of the mind not only the rhythms, but also the melodies are important. Neither rhythms alone nor crooned melodies without rhythms improve the conditions of these patients, only melodies in combination with rhythms do. Not only animals, but plants too are affected or touched by music. When rose gardens install speakers to play soft, classical music it is intended not for visitors but for the roses.

The languages of thoughts, on the other hand, may be divided into three groups, that is conventional languages, geometrical languages, and music. Since all of these are languages, and since all languages are translations, when we come to understand more the profundity of the translation processes involved inside our mind we will come a step closer to understanding consciousness. And even though robots as we understand them now are never conscious, the conscientious line dividing between beings and things may be thinner than we may think.

We do not know whether such dividing lines, if they exist, mark a phenomenon of phase transitions of the percolation process. Before any artificial brain may become a separate consciousness we may need to understand more than we do now about the quantum processes (*cf* Penrose, 1989). † The difficulty experienced when we try to explain to someone a discovery or theorem that we discovered by intuition only confirms to us the importance of the translation processes.

The coordination numbers within and between languages become important if we want to build a network of languages. The coordination number of a language reflects the affinity it has with other languages. This affinity may be taken, among other things, to be the writing system common to the others that the language has. Therefore English, French, German, Sanskrit, and other languages that have a well-defined Romanised system share the same coordination number with one another, which is also the coordination number of the writing system itself.

But a language may have more than one coordination numbers, each one of which it shares with the languages in the different groups it belongs to. Hindi and Sanskrit, for instance, while belonging to the same group with other Indo-European languages also form a separate group of their own through the Devanagari script shared between both.

Chinese, Japanese, and perhaps Korean belong to another group through the fact that all of them are based on the Chinese characters. Chinese and Japanese are disconnected, or weakly connected, to the Indo-European group because even though each of them has an excellent Romanised writing system, none of them can convey meanings accurately enough by using only this.

Korean, on the other hand, can be counted also as a member of the Indo-European group because it has now become nearly totally a syllabic language with the use of the Chinese characters confined to only for proper names.

The coordination numbers within each language is more complicated. They depend in no easily definable ways on the numbers of the words, meanings for each word, letters of the alphabet, consonants, vowels and inflections of sounds. These are different for both Chinese and Japanese where the number of the radicals and their combinations plays

† Roger Penrose. *The emperor's new mind. Concerning computers, minds, and the law of physics*. 1989.

a dominant role, and in the case of Chinese the number of sounds and inflections.

Deaf children who have never been exposed to a language think in pictures, and when they are taught language for the first time show a tendency to use metaphors. Therefore starting from the higher layer of thought to the lower layer of mind seem to be the adjectives, similes, metaphors, and finally music. This may explain why music and poetry, with their rhythms, rhymes, and metaphors, can touch the heart far better than university textbooks. Also, seeing that they are good at thinking in pictures, I wonder whether deaf children would have a higher potential to excel in the areas of mathematics and physics than normal.

Language, even in the smallest sense of the word, that is including only the national languages of the world, is still very important since it is the thing which holds a society together and segregates one society from another. Even when this greatly limited definition is adopted, it still plays a major role in, for instance, culture and economics, and gives satisfactory explanations to diverse phenomena, for example culture shocks, economic crises, and the formation of economic, as well as political groups.

Language in its largest possible sense is exceedingly important since it turns out to be the glue which binds things together, take as only one example the case of mathematics and logic as the languages of science.

Language comes in various modes and forms. Sign languages, for instance, are geometrical in nature. Congenitally deaf people think in spatial terms, and this explains why they often make a good mathematician (*cf* Sacks, 1989). †

It is interesting to note that this mode of thinking is quite usual even in hearing mathematicians and physicists, many of whom say that verbal thinking plays but a minor part in their more serious thinkings. But this claim is unnecessary if we think of verbal Language, Geometry, and Sign as all being languages.

There is as yet no writing systems for Signs that are easy to use. For this, I propose a writing system which uses the roman alphabet. I wish

† Oliver Sacks. *Seeing Voices. A journey into the world of the deaf*. Piccador. Pan Books. 1989(1990).

to develop such a system based on the following principles. Consonants represent the various body organs used, its forms and positions, while vowels the motions and movements. In other words, consonants represent those relevant things which are static in nature, whereas vowels those which are dynamic.

It is not unusual that a researcher may have a theme which recurs again and again in whatever he does, for example Galileo sees circles everywhere (*cf* Hankins, 1977). † My themes are language and percolation, and I see them everywhere I look. It should be mentioned that my definition of language covers that of Geometry and Mathematics.

Daiï has been through a few percolation-like phenomena. The currency crisis in 1997 was one. This in turn started a chain of crises in other countries all across the East Asian nations, and spread to as far as New Zealand. In this globalisation economics, one can even tell which countries belong to the same economic group by looking at the extent of the spread of crises like this. Essentially neither the United States nor Europe was affected in any way.

The traffic situation in Ḅaṇgkauk, on the other hand, had always been so bad until the onset of the crisis, to a degree that one would never have believed possible until one actually sees it. Both the traffic and the economic crises share common causes, one of which is the non-decentralisation. The economic crisis both has the same causes of, and is caused by the traffic crisis.

In 1996 I started to look at the percolation probability of the traffic network in Ḅaṇgkauk.

An economic model should be a network which has people as its entities. It should be centred in men instead of in money. Existing macro- and micro-economic theories are centred around money and put too little emphasis on people. No doubt they can never explain economic transitions. Money is only the language of economies, never its structure, therefore a model based on money can be at best a model of a language, not a model of the structure. Language in general is the thing which binds structures together to form clusters.

If we accept this humanistic network as important in economic mod-

† Thomas L Hankins. Triplets and triads. Sir William Rowan Hamilton on the metaphysics of mathematics. *Isis*, **68**, 242, 175–193, 1977.

elling, then we have to look at languages, for even though money may be the language of transactions and we could do well by studying its flow through the network of men, language is the thing which binds and segregate groups of people.

There is no racism except that which arises from the difference in languages. For example, there are no Irish communities in Australia comparable to those which exist in Manchester because every Irish descendants over there speaks Aussie, with which they identify themselves, nor would the Chinese descendants in Daiï say themselves Chinese for the very reason, though they may not realise it, that they have never learnt Chinese.

If Language binds society together, then what is the thing that binds languages together? Linguistically the answer may be the common historical background, languages of the same family are in a way bound together; but practically it must be the writing. This explains why not only Chinese and Daiï seem to be out of tune with a western mind, but also even the German language before both Wars with its typefaces containing in effect only two special characters, namely those for *sz* and *tz*, may appear to be Greek; and of course there is the Greek language itself with its unique script.

Signs are usually thought of as being different from verbal languages, not because the two are in actuality different from each other but because they cannot be written, especially with the roman alphabet. Both Chinese and Japanese have their excellent phonetic transcription in roman characters, respectively called *Pīn Yīn* and *Rōmaji*, but apart from the imitation of sounds neither of these allows one to write anything meaningful.

Daiï have never had a passable phonetic, let alone writing system in roman alphabet. I have developed roman writings for Daiï and Lạ̄nnạ. I have drawn an outline of my plan to develop those for Japanese and Chinese, and have so far done some works along this line. I plan to develop a writing system for Signs which should even allow one to pronounce the words should one wishes to; each such enunciation would contain the essential spatial information.

How a writing system can act as a glue in a language should be clear to people whose first language is Chinese. Here is a language whose different dialects are completely different from one another as to be incomprehensible, but whose people, wherever they may live across the globe, feel that they belong to a single and the same culture, all

because of the writing.

On 12 April 2002 I am back in Daiï and in *Jiangmhăị*. We go together in *Nhăung*'s car to *Ạuḅkhạn*, which is a national park which covers *Hạngd́ong, Mạ̀e Vạng*, Samoeng and *Sanpặ̀taung*. There are five of us including my brother and my parents.

The country around here are igneous and limestone rocks. This is the source of the *Khạn, Vạng* and Vin rivers. Mountains in Daiï are from the Precambrian Period, which is the oldest of rocks on earth dated from the formation of the crust to approximately 600 million years ago. These includes the Puï and the *Sudẹ̀b* mountains down to the southern part of Daiï. There is a precipitous gorge 30 metres high corroded by the Khạn River like the Grand Canyon by the Colorado River in Arizona.

We drive along the Highway Number 121 for 15 kilometres, then turn right and drive on another 10 kilometres. Parts of the road are unpaved and winding. At one point the engine stops when we are in the middle of an ascent and I tell my sister how to negotiate a slope.

You put on your handbrake, start the engine, engage it in the first gear and then slowly release the clutch pedal while depressing the accelerator pedal until the you feel no weight of the car on the handbrake. At this point the transmission power may replace the handbrake and you may safely release the latter before accelerating the car forwards.

From the car park of *Ạuḅlhoang* we walk about half a kilometre to the gorge.

The KhSMK in Ḅạngkauk now has day-passes and term-tickets for the buses. The normal day-pass costs ten *ḅạd*s while the ones which also cover their air-conditioned vehicles (PA) is 30 *ḅạd*s. The weekly ticket is 50 *ḅ* and the PA one 150 *ḅ*, whereas the month-ticket costs 200 *ḅạd*s or 600 *ḅạd*s for the PA's.

Buses at this time are namely

No 1, which goes from the Tok Road to the Tian Pier
No 2, Saṃrọng–Pạkglaung Tlạd́
No 3, Mhạujit 2–Sạn Canal
No 4, Glaung Toeï Wharf–Bhạs̱icroeñ Pier
No 5, Prẹm Pier–Cakrvarrd́i
No 6, Bra Pradạ̀eng–Ḅạng Laṃbhụ

No 7, Kvạng Canal–Họa Laṃbọng
No 7 K, Buddhmoṇḍol 2–Cakrvarŕdi
No 11, Praveṣ–Mạḅuñgraung
No 12, Hòaï Khvạng–Ministry of Commerce
No 13, Glaung Toeï–Hòaï Khvạng
No 15, The Mall at Dậ-bra–Ḅạnglaṃbhụ
No 16, Śriṇrongġ Garage–Survongśx
No 18, Iṭh Pier–Victory Monument
No 20, Bra Cul Fort–Ḍinḍạeng Pier
No 21, Dùng Gru Flats–Culạ́longkaurṇ
No 22, Sạdhupraḍiṣṭḥ Garage–Bọḍhikậeö Garage
No 23, Saṃrọng–Dẹvẹśṅ
No 24, Prajạniveśṅ 3–Victory Monument
No 25, Brạekṣạ Garage–Jậng Pier
No 26, Miṇḅuri–Victory Monument
No 29, Rangsit–Họa Laṃbọng
No 32, Pạkkreḍ–Bọḍhi Temple
No 34, Rangsit–Họa Laṃbọng
No 36, Hòaï Khvạng–Sĩ Brayạ
No 36 K, Bọḍhikậeö Garage–Sĩ Brayạ
No 37, Cạengrāun–Mảhạnạg
No 39, Dharrmśạstṛ University at Rangsit–Snạm Loang
No 42, Bra Pier–Sao Jingjậ Circle
No 45, Saṃrọng–Rạjprasongġ
PA 45 K, Pạknāṃ–Henry Dunant
No 47, Glaungtoeï Wharf–Ministry of Land
No 49, Mhạujit–Sạmyạek–Họa Laṃbọng
No 50, Bra Rạm 7–Lumbiṇi Park
No 53, Dẹvẹśṛ Circle
No 54, Hòaï Khvạng Circle
No 59, Rangsit–Snạm Lhoang
No 60, Soan Sïạm–Pạkglaung Tlạ́
No 62, Sạdhupraḍiṣṭha–Victory Monument
No 63, Nảgaur Indṛ–Victory Monument
No 65, Pạknāṃ Temple in Nondḅuri–National Theatre
No 66, Prajạniveśṅ 2–Southern Coach Station
No 67, Smian Nạri Temple–Jàung Nondri
No 68, Smạe Daṃ–Ḅạng Laṃbhụ
No 70, Prajạniveśṅ 3–Snạm Lhoang
No 71, Soan Sïạm–Dhạtudaung Temple
No 72, Glaungtoeï Wharf–Dẹvẹśṛ
No 73, Hòaï Khvạng–Buddh Bridge
No 73 K, Bọḍhikậeö Garage–Hòaï Khvạng–Buddh Bridge
No 75, Buddhḅujạ Temple–Họa Laṃbọng

No 76, Dhonḅuriṇ Housings–Bloencit
No 77, Saḍhupraḍiṣṭḥ–Northern Coach Terminal
No 79, Tlĭngjan–Raṇjprasongġ
No 80, Śriṇoaldharrmvimol–Snaṃ Lhoang
No 80 K, VPA 11 Village–Dạ̀ (pier) Bra
No 82, Bra Praḍạeng–Bạng Laṃbhụ
No 84, Àumyḥăi–Glaung Saṇ
No 84 K, Mȧhiḍol–Glaung Saṇ
No 90, Śrẹṣṭhkic–Snaṃ Lhoang
No 91 K, Snaṃ Lhoang 2–Bra Pier
No 93, SEA Games Participants' Village–Sĭ Brayạ
No 95, Rangsit–Raṃgaṃhạeng University
No 96, Soan Sïaṃ–Sao Jingjạ̄
No 97, Nondḅuriṇ–Songġh Hospital
No 99, Śriyạ̀n Pier–Laṃ Saḷiṇ Junction
No 101, Mòang Temple–Bạng Moḍ
PA 102 Express, Paḳnāṃ–Central Department Store at Bra Raṃ 3
No 105, New Town Mȧhạjaï–Glaung Saṇ
No 107, Bạng Khẹn Garage–Glaungtoeï Wharf
No 111, Blụ Market–Bụggḷọ Circle
No 112, Śriṇrongġ–Victory Monument
No 114, Khẹmạ Garage–Laṃlụkkạ Junction
No 117, Hòaï Khvạng–Khẹmạ–Nond Pier
No 122, Hòaï Khvạng–Raṃgaṃhạeng University 1–Mhạujit
No 126, Bạng Khẹn Garage–Raṃ. U. 1
No 129, Bạng Khẹn Garage–Saṃrọng
No 134, New Mhạujit–Bạng Bọadaung
No 134 K, Ministry of Commerce–Glaung Căn Housings
No 136, Customs Department–Ctucakr Park–New Mhạujit
No 137, Raṃgaṃhạeng–Rajḍạbhiṣẹk Circle
No 138, Mhạujit 2–Bra Praḍạeng
No PA 139 Express, Victory Monument–Raṃ. Campus
No 140, Victory Monument–Dhonḅuriṇ Housings
PA 141 Express, New Town Mȧhạjaï–Cuĺạ. U.
No 142, Dhonḅuriṇ Housings–Lao Temple–Paḳnāṃ
No 145, New Mhạujit–Paḳnāṃ
No 156, Striṇvidyạ 2–Laḍ́brāö–Raṃ Indraṇ Circle
No 165, Buddhmoṇḍol Saï 3–Snaṃ Lhoang
No 166 Express, Muangdaung Village–Victory Monument
No 168, Soan Sïaṃ–Victory Monument, or Raṃgaṃhạeng–Miṇḅuriṇ–Soan Sïaṃ
No 178, Kṣẹtr–Noalcandṛ Circle
No 179, Bra Raṃ 7 Bridge–ASMD Junction
No 180 Express, Saḍhupraḍiṣṭḥ–Raṃ. U. 2

No PA 185, Rangsit–Glaungtoeï
No 203, Nondḅuriṇ–Snạm Loang
No 204, KDM 2–Rạjvongśx Pier
No 205, Customs Department–The Mall at Dạ̀bra
No 206, Kṣẹtr University–*zauï* (lane) Uḍomsukh
No 207, Rạm. U. 1–Rạm. U. 2
PA 501, Miṇḅuriṇ–Pạkglaung Tlạḍ
PA 502, Miṇḅuriṇ–Siṇlom
PA 503, Rangsit–New Southern Coach Station
PA 504, Rangsit–Soan Dhonḅuriṛomẏa
PA 505, Pạkkreḍ–Vongvian Ỵhăị
PA 508, Pạknāṃ–Rạjvaurdiṣṭḥ Pier
PA 509, Nondḅuriṇ–Bạng Gạe–Mòang Temple
PA 510, Rangsit–Bra Praḍạeng, or Dharrmśạstṛ U. at Rangsit–Songġh Hospital
PA 511, Pạknāṃ–New Southern Coach Station
PA 512, New Mhạujit–Pạkglaung Tlạḍ
PA 513, Rangsit–Pŭcào Smingbrạï
PA 514, Suvindvongśx–Sukhạbhiḅạl 3–Siṇlom
PA 515, Victory Monument–Mȧhiḍol U. at Śạlạyạ
PA 516, Dẹvẹśṛ–Bạng Bọadaung
PA 517, New Northern Coach Station–Lạḍ Kraḅang
PA 517 Red, New Northern Coach Station–Lạḍ Kraḅang Institute of Technology
PA 518, Victory Monument–Bọakhạö Village
PA 519, Central Department Store at Bra Rạm 3–Soan Sïạm
PA 519 Red, Càoguṇ Dȧhạr Road–Glaungtoeï
PA 520, Dharrmśạstṛ U. at Rangsit–Rạm. U. 1
PA 521, Nondḅuriṇ Pier–Bra Praḍạeng
PA 522, Rangsit–Victory Monument
PA 536, *Śrị Ayudhyạ*–Pạknāṃ
PA 543, Khẹmạ Garage–Laṃ Lụkkạ.

There are also non-KhSMK buses, but they are likely to lose the ground unless they could catch up with some kinds of term-tickets or day-passes soon. This is true with buses in, for instance, Manchester anyway. These buses available now are namely

PA 7, Śuekṣạ Nạriṇ–Họa Laṃbọng
No 8, Happyland Market–Buddh Bridge
No 9, Bhạṣịcroeñ–Śriẏàn–Saṃsẹn Station
No 10, Bhạṣịcroeñ–Nạnglōeng
No 14, Śriẏàn–Jàung Nondriṇ
No 17, Cạengrāun–Victory Monument

No 19, Tlĭngjan–Dęvęśŕ Circle
No 27, Miṇḅuriṇ–Victory Monument
No 28, Southern Coach Station–Rajyọdhin
No 29, Rangsit–Họa Laṃbọng
No 30, Nondḅuriṇ–Southern Coach Station
No 33, Pdumdhạniṇ–Snạm Lhoang
No 35, Sạdhupraḋiṣṭḥ–Sao Jingjậ
No 38, Rạjbhaḍ at Candrkṣęm–Rạmgaṃhạeng University 2
PA 38, Mhạujit 2–Rạmgaṃhạeng University 2
PA Sạï 38, Śuekṣạnạriṇ–Ḅạng Laṃbhụ
No 39, Dharrmśạstŕ University at Rangsit–Snạm Loang
No 40, Southern Coach Station–Họa Lambọng
No 43, Śuekṣạnạriṇ–Glaungsạn Pier
No 44, Governmental Housings–Happyland–Tịan Pier
No 48, Rạmgaṃhạeng University 2–Bọdhi Temple
No 51, Pạkkreḋ–Ḅạng Bọ, or Pạkkreḋ–Central Department Store at Lạḋbrậw
No 52, Pạkkreḋ–Ḅạng Zụe Station, or Pạkkreḋ–Mhạujit 2 (Northern Coach Station at Ctucakr), or Pạkkreḋ–Hòaï Khvạng Market
No 56, Krung Dhon Bridge–Ḅạng Laṃbhụ
No 57, Dhonḅuriṇ–Southern Coach Station
No 58, Miṇḅuriṇ–Pratụnāṃ
No 64, Snạṃḅin Nāṃ–Snạm Loang
No 68, Smạe Daṃ–Ḅạng Laṃbhụ
No 69, Snạṃḅin Nāṃ–Victory Monument
No 81, Àumnāuï–Bra Pĭnklào Bridge
No 83, Tlĭngjan–Rạjḋaṃnoen College of Commerce in Dhonḅuriṇ
PA 84, Àumyhăiṇ–Cạengrāun Temple
No 85, Cạengrāun Temple–Họa Laṃbọng
No 88, Dùng Gru–Lạḋyậ
No 89, Ḅạngkauk Technical School–Vongvian Ỵhăiṇ (big roundabout)
No 90, Pdumdhạniṇ–Siam Commercial Bank's head quarter
No 92, Glaung Tan–Songġh Hospital
No PA 92, Lạḋ Kraḅang Station–Victory Monument
No 98, Hòaï Khvạng–Klòaï Nāṃdai, or Hòaï Khvạng–Bejrḅuriṇ
No 99, Śriyận Pier–Laṃ Sạliṇ Junction
No 104, Pạkkreḋ Pier–Mhạujit 2
No 108, The Mall at Dậ Bra–Rajyọdhin Junction
No 109, Glaung Kŭm–Họa Laṃbọng
No 110, Bra Rạm 7–Dęvęśŕ
No 113, Miṇḅuriṇ–Họa Laṃbọng
No 115, Soan Sïạm–Sịlom

No 116, Snạmd́ạeng–Sạdaur
No 120, Mȧhạjaï New Town–Glaung Sạn
No 123, Àumẏhăị–Snạm Lhoang
No 124, Mȧhid́ol at Śạlạyạ–Snạm Lhoang
No 125, Sạmsẹn Station–*Ratnạkọsindr̲ Sombhọj Bẹvaurnivẹś* at *Śạlạyạ*
No 127, Àruṇ Amrindr̀–Bạng Bọadaung
No 129, Bạng Khẹn Garage–Saṃrọng
No 131, Miṇbụrị–Nhaung Cauk
No 132, Bạng Cạk–Bạng Blị Housings
No 133, Bra Khnọng–Bạng Blị Housings
No 139 Express, Rạm. U. 2–Victory Monument–New Mhạujit
No 143, Happyland–Lạd́ Krabạng Institute of Technology
No 144, Miṇbụrị Market–Ròmklào
No 146, Bạng Gạe–Outer Ring Road Circle
No 147, D́ạwganaung–Outer Ring Road Circle
No 149, Tlĭngjan–Glaungtoeï
No 150, Pạkkred́–The Mall at Bạng Kapi, or Pạkkred́–Rạm. U. 1
PA Sạï 150, Pạkkred́–Rạm. U. 1
No 151, Lạd́brậö 71–Miṇbụrị–Họatakhẹ̀
No 152, Happyland–Sukhạbhiḅal 3–Ròmklào Housings
No 154, Vajrábol Housings (Gẹha)–Glaungtoeï
No 157, Àumẏhăị–Hòaï Khvạng Market
PA 157, Àumẏhăị–New Mhạujit
No 159, New Southern Coach Station–Mhạujit 2
No 162 Blue, Glaungtoeï–Sïạm
No 162 Red, Glaungtoeï–Survongśx
No 163, Buddhmoṇḍol Sạï 4–Hòaï Khvạng
No 164, Buddhmoṇḍol Sạï 4–Victory Monument
No 169, Bạng Khundian–Pĭnklào–Vongvian Yhăị Circle
PA 170, Àumnāuï–Snạm Lhoang–New Mhạujit Coach Station
No 174, Happyland–Kạñcnạbhiṣẹk Road–Buddhmoṇḍol 4
No 175, Blụ Market–Nond Pier–ATK 3
PA 177, Bạng Bọadaung–Victory Monument Circle
No 182, Rạm. U. 2–New Mhạujit
PA 183, Àumẏhăị–Buddhmoṇḍol Sạï 2–Mhạujit 2
No 201, Victory Monument–Snạm Loang–Tlĭngjan
No 338, Rangsit–Pratụnāṃ Bra Indr̀
No 356, Dharrmśạstr̀ University at Rangsit–Pạkkred́
No 365, Pạknāṃ–Bạng Prakong Power Station
No 367, Pạkkred́ Pier–Rangsit
PA 506, Pạkkred́–Bra Pradạeng
PA 507, Pạknāṃ–New Southern Coach Station
PA 523, New Mhạujit–Rạjmonggol School of Technology at the

6th Canal
PA 525, Miṇbuṛi Market–Mitrmaitṛi Road–Nhaung Cauk Market
PA 526, Miṇbuṛi Market–Raṣṣḍṛ Udiś Road–Nhaung Cauk Market
PA 529, Smạe Ḍaṃ–Central Department Store at Laḍbrāö
PA 530, Smạe Ḍaṃ–Happyland
PA 538, *Śṛị Ayudhyạ*–Rạjmonggol School of Technology–Pdum.
PA 545, Nondbụṛi–Saṃrọng.

There are also minibuses which includes

No 11 K, Phạsukh Village–Pratụnāṃ
No 40, Southern Coach Station–Họa Lambọng
No 43, Pĭndaung Market–Dẹvẹśṛ
No 44, Governmental Housings–Happyland–Tịan Pier
No 46, Rạmgaṃhạeng University 2–Raungmuang
No 48, Rạmgaṃhạeng University 2–Bọḍhi Temple
No 74, Hòaï Khvạng–Glaungtoeï.

The microbuses charges you a constant fee regardless of how far you go. To date there are 14 different routes, namely

No 1 from Pạkkreḍ to Sịlom
No 2, Fashion Island–Ḍạögnaung
No 3, Sïạm Park–Royal Orchid Sheraton Hotel
No 4, Họamhạk Sports Complex–Southern Coach Station
No 5, Future Park at Bạng Gạe–Northern Coach Station
No 6, Central Department Store at Bạngnạ–Royal Orchid Sheraton Hotel
No 8, Sïạm Park–Southern Coach Station
No 10, The Mall at Bạng Gạe–Bạngkapi
No 12, Rose Garden (Sạm Brạn Garden)–Northern Coach Station
No 14, Smudrpṛạkạr–Vongvian Ỵhăị
No 15, Smudrpṛạkạr–Northern Coach Station
No 16, Future Park–Royal Orchid Sheraton Hotel
No 17, Sïạm Park–Shangri-la Hotel
No 20, The Mall at Bạng Kapi–Bạng Rak.

Apart from these there are 117 vans linking together the various places in Bạngkauk.

The Kiwi people call the university a *varsity*, some of the British youngsters call it an *uni*. The Daiïs like to truncate the last vowel

of a word, for instance *Raṃa* becomes *Raṃ*. If the syllable before it has a final consonant, the whole of the final phoneme could become silent, for instance *śakái* (honour) which becomes *śakáxi*.

The reason for this seems to be because Daiï words are always mono-syllabic, therefore imported words especially those from Pali or Sanskrit are shortened to reduce it to one syllable. As an example of this consider *ratana* (jewels) which becomes the mono-syllabic word *rat*$\underline{n}$.

You are given no priorities if you are driving a bus in Daiï. Nobody will let you pull out, you will have to fight for yourself.

But the driver is never alone on the bus. There is his partner who takes the money from you or look at your day-pass or term-ticket which ever one you have. He or she is called *krapáo* (pocket) for an obvious reason.

These people were fifteen years ago more nimble and petulant. I used to look and marvel at them when they tilt themselves at a seemingly hazardous angle. The driver would drive relentlessly on, but while never holding on to anything at no time did his partner lose his balance. His body would sway to and fro like reeds in the wind, automatically aligning itself according to the direction and magnitude of the acceleration of the bus. When it decelerated his body would tilt backwards as though there was a strong wind coming from behind, and when accelerated it would forwards as if now the wind came from in front instead.

Recently the language they use has become standardised and thereby uninteresting.

When I come to Daiï from Manchester on 23 December 2002 I have to run to the Piccadilly bus station to catch the 43A to the airport. The Singapore Airline flies off from Terminal 2, so I need to walk a long way.

Last night I had not slept. I had just discovered how to do the indexing and the tables in TEX, but it was already too late to get it printed out in time to catch the plane. Anyway it is the culmination of TEX. This can be any listing of items each of which may contain a sublist, for instance the list of completed works listed by year where each year may have more than one works. You give a running number, an opus number, to each item and number those that are in the same year, then

two commands, one at the beginning to just read in the opus definitions, doing nothing else, and another to list all the opera at the end. The tables, for example the table of contents, list of figures, *etc*, are much more complicated because you need to know what values will be read into the memory when you read inside a paragraph, in a group, *etc*, and this still confuses me.

I like the Campari with orange juice.

There is going to be the world jamboree for scouts in Daiï in 2003, which is only a few days away. For me, flying is the time to relax and reflect. Here we are in Zurich but not allowed to get off the plane. There is an ice hotel in Sweden, in a small village of Jukkasjärvi near Kiruna where there is the space research. The place is inside the Arctic Circle. The hotel and all its furniture are made from ice blocks. Inside the room the temperature is 3–6°C. The hotel only exists between November and April after which it melts away.

I think dry vermouth is probably the worst drink on earth!

You could die from Deep Vein Thrombosis, or DTV, the blood poisoning caused by sitting for too long in an aeroplane's seat, only the economy class one that is. In Australia people have been suing airlines, including QANTAS. But the British says this is no accidents.

Really I think Mozart is for the piano concertos while Beethoven the sonatas.

I arrive in Singapore, and then put my name down for the free tour, the Free New Asia-Singapore Tour. It is sponsored by the Civil Aviation Authority of Singapore, the Singpore Tourism Board (STPB) and the Singapore Airlines (SIA).

It is the Christmas Eve today. There is a nice orchid garden, with plenty of explanations, here at the Changi Airport. The Mokara or Mokara Wai Liang, bred by C Y Mok in 1969, has five petals of yellow with red dots on them. Each flower is actually the inflorescence of flowers. There are varieties like the Mokara Chark Kuan, Mokara Mak Chin On, and Mokara Willie How.

The scientific name for the moth orchid is Phalaenopsis, from the Greek *phalaina* (moth) and *opsis* (appearance). Here the petals are white or purple. The orchid is in the family Orchidaceae, both words being

from *orchis* which is Greek for the male reproductive organ. Orchids are used as antidepressants, stimulants and aphrodisiacs.

Also here there are Koi ponds. The Koi is the carp, in French *carpe* and in German *Karpfen*. Its scientific name is *Cyprinus carpio*. The Showa Sanshoku has three colours, namely black and red on white.

In the context of the percolation theory, a on b means that b has percolated but not a. This is the same as, 'a against b in the background'. The Kin Matsubara, or literally *golden metallic pine cone*, is in rich gold with scales that have a colour like that of the pine cone. The Kohaku is said to be in red and white, but turns out to be orange *on* white. It is popular in Japan. There is also the Shiro Utsuri, which is white on black.

The sunflower garden is on the third floor of Terminal 2. Sunflowers are *Helianthus spp*. They are planted here in the outdoor garden with plenty of sun. There are also beds of the Trailing Daisy, *Wedelia Trilobata*, which is used to alleviate symptoms of cold and flu, and is ideal for use as ground cover because it tolerates heat well.

I change some money. On the front of the $2 note here is the picture of Yusof bin Ishak, while on the back something is written about education. The Gibraltar's pound coin I have had in my pocket for a while, reluctant always to use it. On its tail side is the relief in the picture of two crenellated towers and a wall, together forming a shape of the letter U.

We go in two coaches to the Singapore River and make a circuit cruise there. One of the two Indians who came from the US says that he has lived and worked there for a few years. I am surprised, for he has no drawl in his accent. 'You don't talk like an American', I observe, to which he replies, 'I never try to have the accent'.

American make-believe works perhaps because deep inside we all want it to work. The US pulls 50 countries together under a federal government, draws the best brains from the world over to work for them.

Our guide explains to us about Feng Shui (wind and water), that architectural and interior designing rules of thumb in order to make your prosperity tick. Thus premises may have a large fountain in front of them, and inside the water falling down the walls. This is the core

of it, but there are many other elements and details. One may call it superstitious, like Coleridge's albatross.

This free tour to the city is called BOAT. I met Jean, our guide, at the south free-tour point.

You would be ignorant if you were a Singaporean and did not know Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles (1781–1826). He was a colonial administrator for the British Empire who was born in Jamaica. He founded Singapore in 1819 while he was the governor of Sumatra (1818–23), and in so doing secure for his Empire the control of Malaya. He had served in the British East India Company and had taken part in the capture of Java from the Dutch in 1811. He also wrote a history of Java in 1817, knighted that very year, and in 1826 founded the Zoological Society of London.

The East India Company is a commercial company, chartered by Queen Elizabeth I, from 1600 to 1858. It was given a monopoly of trade between England and the Far East. It ruled a large part of India during the 18th century when a form of dual control of the colony was established by Pitt's India Act of 1784 that gives the power to both the company and the committee which reports to the Parliament in London. In 1834 its monopoly of China trade ended, and in the India Act of 1858 ended its control over the British India after the Indian Mutiny in 1857.

The Indian Mutiny, also known as the Sepoy Rebellion, which lasted from 1857 to 1858 is the uprising by Sepoys (Indian soldiers) from Bengal to Panjab in the north to the central India.

Singapore has no rivers. What is called today as the Singapore River is in fact the sea. Similar to canals in Venice, it is the canal dug to lead the sea water into the land.

When we are back at the airport, one passport is found to be missing. Someone has not handed in his passport again. This time only one, but last time there were three people doing this. We all left our passport at the airport before we came on this tour.

I have plenty of time to wait for my plane, so I come along again to another similar tour. It is not the same as the one I went with Jean because this time Salma takes us to the Sentosa. She explains to us about Feng Shui. The word 'sentosa' is Malay for *peace*. In Feng

Shui you have water flowing inwards, for that means the retention of prosperity.

We are driving on the highway that was built on reclaimed land. This is also the case with the Changi Airport itself and the large open space on the opposite side of the bay front where future offices are planned. All the infrastructures are already installed, including the Mass Rapid Transport, the Singaporean equivalent of the tube. Raffles came here in 1819, and soon reclaimed 25 per cent more land.

Sentosa used to be known by a different name when the pirates lived there. When the British developed it they found skulls. Independence of the country came in 1965. Between 1942 and 1945 Singapore was under Japan's rule. Earth was bought first from Malaysia, and then when that country would sell no more to them, from Indonesia.

I find the theatre on the third floor where you can sit and watch films free of charge. I watch the Pinocchio, and think it rather spooky to see a boy gradually transformed into a puppet before my very eyes. So much for the computer techniques we have now! Pinocchio was written in Italian by Collodi in 1883.

On the plane to Ḅaṇgkauk I watch Nicholas Cape in 'The Family Man', this time in English, and I have no clues why I should always listen to him in French earlier. This time I order a Drambuie and a Cointreau. The drambuie is a registered trademark and a type of Scottish whisky liqueur. I soon find out that the Campari orange rules anytime. I have one fruit spritzer only to find that it is just a mixture of different fruit juices.

This plane goes to Narita after it stops in Ḅaṇgkauk, so there are many Japanese people. A Daiï business man who sits beside me says that his name is Jack. He could have studied at the Science Faculty of the Cuĺaḷongkaurṇ University, but decided to go to the *Baṇijyaṉkaṛ Ḍoenrua* (navigational commerce) school instead.

According to our percolation theory all changes are percolation (of course). It is not so difficult to see this if we consider these changes as a change of phase where, for example, water turns into ice and vice versa, and a peaceful society turns into mutiny. The Sepoy Rebellion mentioned above is only one example as such, but here as usually is the case the event that triggers it is thought to be absurdly small, which makes the big event that follows it all the more nonsensical and

unimaginable.

The unexplainable nature of a phase change, for example why the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour and why the Germans followed Hitler like idiots, can and only could be explained from the view point of what goes on inside the social structure not at the critical point but during the conceptions and incubation period since well before those certainty of an event's. Unrest gathers by unseen degrees. When it is ripe it will definitely percolate through, when it will show off an either spectacular or flabbergasting event. What event triggers it is of no consequences whatsoever.

If we accept that creations are percolation and vice versa, then according to the Big Bang theory the universe percolated at that first creation from the singularity. The universe may either be expanding forever, stationary, or contracting after having expanded for a while. One knows this by looking at the constant that is named after Edwin Powell Hubble (1889–1953).

The trouble is the value of this Hubble constant is so controversial one had better call it a Hubble variable. However, were the universe to contract, everything will come together again one day when the destruction, the reverse Big Bang or reverse creation, will ensue. This point too must be a percolation point.

All our understanding fails us at a point close enough to the original singularity. Our imagination fails us well before we leave the front steps, but our present theory gives us some appreciation of the time as early as 10^{-43} second after the Big Bang. I doubt that the science based on our experience will let us understand our singular original.

God's work is also a creation and a singularity, since He creates the world out of nothing. But here, simply because His attributes are not definite, His Creation is limited to neither the Planck time nor, for that matter, to the Big Bang itself.

Our forefathers knew that the heaven is up there where the stars are. Jesus tells us, 'Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo here is Christ, or there; believe it not (Matthew: 24.23),' and then, 'Behold, I have told you before. Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth; behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not (Matthew: 24.25, 26)'.

Christ is nowhere to be found since he is here inside each of us, provided that we believe his words. In the point of view of someone who does not believe his findings, he has long ceased to exist, that is to say, he is long deceased. What he has found the Old Testament already knows. So he confirms what the OT says, that there is only one Father, and adds that for each of us there is also only one Master, that is our own self, and that we are all brothers. This results in the relationships among us that defy all the social conventions we know.

We must understand him, therefore, when he says, 'But be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven (Matthew: 23.8, 9)'.

Since all of us are star's dust, whatever creates the universe creates us. The whole universe has only one Father, and it follows that both the parents and the child have a common Father. Most of us, unable to live with this (before we know the explanation), write the original Father with the capital F to distinguish it from our respective earthly parents.

It is difficult to say whether what Christ has discovered is the same as the Enlightenment of Buddhism. One thing at least is enjoyed in both Buddhism and Christianity, that is the fact that neither the former's Enlightenment nor the latter's God is well defined. The only way to explain this is that both are singularity which is out of the universe's experience let alone ours, therefore neither the God nor the Enlightenment comes with a definition. We may define our manager, but how could one possibly describe *our* Creator.

He (here I personify) is a part of each of us, for otherwise the very idea of creating something out of nothing would lead to a paradox. But since we cannot even see our own nose, how do you expect to see Him. Our eyes are only for looking at other things that He created.

Since each of us is a master of himself †, we should never put our self above other people. Consequently one should call oneself a master of nobody else, and should humble himself. No one is greater than anyone, and my only master and servant is myself.

Whether those people who wrote the New Testament knew about it

† Here 'he' means a human being in general.

we shall probably never know, but Jesus has to die in order to save us. Before the Crucifixion people either hated or followed him.

In the post-Easter Christianity we believe in the Christ within ourselves, that is to say, the idea that Jesus has passed on to us. He wants us to be saved, and therefore Peter had to deny him thrice before the cock crow. For those of us who believe in himself, his teaching will ring the bell and leads to the discovery of God and that part of the Creator in us which binds us with the whole matter of the universe.

In a way the twelve disciples of Christ are less lucky than us because they followed Jesus until his death while the only Jesus that works is the same which we find in ourselves through his teaching. For in Matthew 21.23 he told the Zebedee's sons and their mother, You will indeed drink My cup, but to sit at My right and My left is not Mine to grant, but it is for those for whom it has been prepared by My Father. It is impossible for them to sit beside themselves if they accept the 'Me' that he meant.

The day of Judgement is after our death. Then he who believes will come to the Father as Christ does. He becomes one with the universe and is felt by those people who believe, and for this lives forever. Not all of us will come to understand this, 'But many now first will be last, and the last will be first (Matthew: 19.30)'.

Some dentists are wicked. I am unlucky when in March 2003 I have the gold inlay in my upper right first molar checked, not by dentist students as I usually did but by their teacher. She may be a lecturer but she must be worse than most of her students.

Two dentists in Manchester, that is Julia and Mr Rose, both said less than one year ago that although the gold is not well fixed there is no need to do anything now. One should wait for a sign of leakage first.

Now Candrcṛi looks at the bite-view x-ray film, which still looks exactly the same as those being looked at by the two British dentists mentioned, but immediately says that it has leaked and must be removed 'to see what the underneath is like.' Even before removing it she says she wants to do a root treatment, to which I say 'No' by the look of its familiar internal image.

So for an enormous fee she removes the gold. 'It still looks well underneath', she says, but still stoutly maintains it has decayed when

asked. Then under the anaesthetic she strongly insisted she unnecessarily removes all the surrounding good dentine. Just before she takes the impression I ask to see what my tooth looks like, and when I see it in the mirror I say, 'Why, there's a big hole now'.

So she goes on to take away another side of the tooth, which makes it opened in three sides now instead of two previously. Doing this without asking for my consent despite my having several times from the start that I want least parts of the tooth taken must clearly be against all codes of practice of a dentist.

For the temporary fixing while waiting for the lab to make the composite inlay, a permanent composite material is used, but for three weeks, that is from 12 March to 2 April, my tooth is suspiciously so sensitive to anything. As though the whole thing is not already bad enough, the receipt for the first day is horrendous in its amount and contains fictitious items all over the place. In it my tooth has been root-treated, and the permanent composite used makes it even more expensive.

On that latter date when I see her again to have the thing fitted. She grates away at the dentine without any anaesthetic, which leaves me traumatised for the whole day, with the after-shock another week thereafter.

The Daiï New Year is during 13 to 15 April, just before Easter. Because it is mid-summer in Daiï, there is a water festival where you pour water on people. This year the virus causing Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome arrives for the first time just before the festival. If this is the same as other new viruses which come from outer space and comets as Hoyle says they do, it seems to have been able to established a reservoir on Earth as they say it is contagious. According to Hoyle, regularly sipping water helps wash protective capsules which contain virus down to our stomach where the whole thing can be digested.

In *Jiangmhăị* my sister who is a neurologist suggests that I have my tooth looked at by Nirmol. The latter takes away parts of both the inlay and the tooth and put in some composite bonding. This makes the first molar lower, so that now the premolars have to bear the weight when I put my teeth together. This probably is not a good thing for them. Moreover the removal of the parts of the tooth bordering the inlay to replace them with composite may prove later to make the seal weaker and leads to later leakages. As some may say, with dentists the case usually is 'Out from a pot into a frying pan'.

There are two kinds of dentist, namely conservative one and the other kind which is the opposite of it. The former is generally the case in England whereas the latter in America. New Zealand follows England's case while Daiï does America's. But younger dentists everywhere including those in Daiï and New Zealand follow the nonconservative way.

A conservative dentist tries to do the least to your teeth, only things that are necessary. But a nonconservative dentist attacks a problem, which is sometimes imagined, head-on. For example, if he find a dimple in your tooth however not yet sensitive he would foretell that one day there will be caries there, and for that imagined decay would remove much of the surrounding parts of the tooth and fill the pit resulted with some alien material.

At Cuĺạ I complain to Mlivalẏa who takes me to Vạsnạ to whom I relate the same thing again and again one more time to Vidyạ when he joins us. The latter two have studied at the University of Otago in Dunedin, New Zealand. Both are in the management of the dental college. The insurance system the English use for their health services seems to be no good. But their research works are excellent.

The first antibiotic was discovered in England, but the English physicians use antibiotics but cautiously, which in many ways is a wise thing to do. By contrast Daiï people are literally fed the strongest antibiotics available by their doctor.

All my teeth have been ruined by the Tetracycline copiously given by Pradhạn to whom my mother says she always took me while I was very young. But the memory of my early life seems to be have been blotted out by some mechanism or others, so that I can remember nothing. Experiences have taught me that a conservative doctor is usually far better than one who is too keen on doing things to you.

Because there are these devilish people about in the health profession, decent doctor and dentists hate them no less than their poor patients do for the very reason that a single fish rotten rots the whole basketful of fish. Codes of conduct in your profession asides, when shall a heathen know compassion? They perhaps know not what they do, but still *procul, O procul este, profani*.

Under the trademark name of Kittix I publish in March 2003 the book *Percolation within percolation and Voronoi Tessellation*, in April 2003 *Thai gram-*

mar, poetry and dictionary and *A Lạ̄nnạ in town*, and in May 2003 *A Kiwi Lạ̄nnạ* and *A British Lạ̄nnạ*. People think that I am crazy, for I risk being plagiarised publishing books I write this way. But what else can I do, since I want to write and teach.

As a sword teacher I do not want money from my students. So if you borrow my works nobly, that is absolutely fine with me. *Plagiarism* means only if you not borrow but *steal* someone else's works. This means that, for instance, you pass my work as yours and give me no credits due.

If you did this, then I pity you because you lack the tiniest imagination. But having read my books, to me you are still my students and I wish you all the best. What you badly need is God. If you are a Buddhist, you do not have to switch to Christianity. The sayings of Buddha and Jesus are exactly the same.

Try reading the Bible, both testaments if possible. Like all great works you need to read it more than once before it percolates and you understand it. I can safely say that I understand it now. *Safely*, because there can be more than one interpretations, but at least the one I have arrived at through Me is based upon a strong foundation, the strongest one of course to me at present. Never plagiarise! but nobly borrow and multiply!

There is a myth which says that Buddhism is the only ancient belief that stands up to reason. But in fact Buddhism only differs from religions that have a god in that it does not try to explain the problem of the Origin. If it did, then its Truth would have become the God.

All the time we look down upon our ancestors and see them in the light of our technology. But evolution is never that quick, and the thousands of years which separates us from them could mean no such great differences between them and us. On the other hand, the brains of the present generation are all cluttered with knowledges and information, which could imply a reduced efficiency. But still we look on them with such contempt whose languages were so grammatically complicated that they elude us.

There is either one god or none. Even in cases of religions where there are more, there is usually one among them which is the creator of all the others. In view of the Origin, we are all a part of the God which pervades all of us. The microwave background radiation, that remnant

of the Big Bang, permeates the whole universe.

Whoever believes this knows that, no matter how tiny he may be, his is the direct access to God. And we are talking about *everything* here, so our soul is also a part of this God.

In Bhagavad Gītā, for instance, the Lord says †, 'The unreal hath no being; the real never ceaseth to be ; the truth about both hath been perceived by the seers of the essence of things'. The *real* here is not our physical bodies but whatever underlies all our atoms and retains their, necessarily non physical, property both in the everyday life and at the Singularity.

Arajuna (in Daiï Ạurjun) does not want to fight his enemies. He says, 'For I desire not victory, O Krishna, nor kingdom, nor pleasures; what is kingdom to us, O Govind, what enjoyment, or even life?'

But Kṛiṣna replied that men are a part of the Whole, and therefore are indestructible. Even if we consider death, it is inevitable and we should never grieve over it. Instead we should dwell alone in the Pure Reason. The concept of god is arrived at by a similar manner to that by which a mathematician arrives at his definitions. This explains why societies which have a god value mathematicians higher than those that have none.

Kṛiṣna tells us that action is better than inaction, and that we should render all actions attractive, because, 'All actions are wrought by qualities of nature only. The self, deluded by egoism, thinketh "I am the doer"'.

If we accept him then he is a part of ourselves and what he says becomes what we ourselves say. Most people who read the *Bhagavad Gītā* say that it says that we should believe in Kṛiṣna. But all the latter says is essentially for one to believe and find refuge in 'Me'. If we agree with his words, then this *Me* is a part of us, for has he says, we 'cometh unto Me'. Neither does he seem to mind the usual interpretation that we should find refuge only in him as the Kṛiṣna that is separate from us, for he says, 'However men approach Me, even so do I welcome them, for the path men take from every side is Mine, O Partha'. You believe, in other words, either the Me within or the Me without.

† *cf* M W Burway. *Bhagvad Gita*. Asian Publication. 1981.

The usual interpretation of this work would have it that Kṛiṣṇa begins his teaching by philosophically reasoning with Arajuna, and then later instead of developing along the same line of reason switches to the superstition where the latter should blindly follow him everywhere. A more likely interpretation is that after having passed the test for his first lesson of detachment, what Arajuna needs next is to break away from the illusion of the Kṛiṣṇa as something outside himself. It may be true that He is out there too, since he is everything, but He is also here within yourself, and you can reach Him by a primary link without aids of secondary ones.

> Know Me, O Partha, as the eternal seed of all beings. I am the Reason of the Reason, endowed, the splendour of splendid things am I. And I the strength of the strong, devoid of desire and passion. In beings I am desire not contrary to duty, O Lord of the Bharatas. The natures that are harmonious, active, slothful, these know as from Me; not I in them, but they in Me. All this world, deluded by these natures made by the three qualities, knoweth not Me, above these, imperishable. This divine illusion of Mine, caused by the qualities, is hard to pierce; they who come to Me, they cross over this illusion.

It is extraordinary, don't you think, that all the galaxies of the universe are one. Knowing this it makes all our differences and wars seem a mere storm in a teacup, and even this metaphor seems already too big!

There is a myth which says that in Asia families are bigger than those in the EU. How big a family has should be to be enough, and how large the home needed? The Ḅạngkauk of Rama I and II as indicated by the Lhauḍ Canal tripled to become Rama III's Ḅạngkauk with the Ǫ̣ng-ặng (Ǫ̣ng Ặng) Canal, before it sextupled with the Phḍung Krungkṣẹ̣m Canal to become Rama IV's city. But the family of God includes everything, and has the universe as its home. By definition it is not possible to run out of room there.

Sunday 4th May 2003, we have a long breakfast. Ben leads the conversation on what games we could play at the table. His is the game which starts from three players where P asks Q what R would do in a certain situation. The situation gets more complicated when the number of players increase, P now asks S why Q answer that way.

Roxana starts off in a simpler version by asking each one of us in

turn whether Ben would rather never had one of his favourite piece of furniture, or have had it for some time and then lose it. Except for Dawn who thinks that Ben would choose the first choice, most of us think that he would choose the second one, to which Ben agrees. This question is a profound one. For if you choose never to have it in the first place, then applying the same reasoning to life you would rather yourself never have born.

Kau (island) Kreḿ is an island in the middle of the *Càobrayạ* River just off the *ambhọe* (district) Pạkkreḿ in *cangvhaḿ* (province) Nondḅuṛi. Here there are kilns making earthenware and the *rạmañ* (Burmese) temple, Prmaïyikạvạs, repaired in 1874, is more than 200 years old. The temple is known in Daiï as *vaḿ* (temple) Pạk Ặö. The pier to cross over on a ferry to this temple is not the main pier at Pạkkreḿ but a short walk to the left of it. We walk through the Snạmnhụa temple, turn right once and then left. The ferry costs 2 *ḅạḍ*s. The river we cross here is the Laḿkreḿ river, which is in fact a by-pass canal. The *Càobrayạ* River goes a long way around the island.

A circuit walk covers $^{1}/_{3}$ of the island, and that is about all there is. You can never get lost here unless you try. The path takes you through this Burmese village, and could take one or two hours depending on how often you stop along the way.

Thus within God is Christ within which is Me. You may draw a circle representing C inside the G, and like wise another M inside the C, and call these combination GCM or the other way round.

It is interesting, in particular to me, how the acronym TNK of Judaism is the Torah (Pentateuch), Nebi'im (Prophets), and Ketubim (Writings).

Mahitala

Kit Tyabandha, PhD

What man so young, murdered in his bed,
For female lusts for power corruption fed.
And now what! repeats history anew,
Academic greed made crooks and *śạstrạcạrya* grew.

O Satan! though God made you to victory to be led,
Yet consider, you may live only to be dead.
Then what avail prejudice and pride in life you lead?
In the end your soul, can it on them feed?

When asphodels are in bloom in Elyseum
May God grant you be hoarder for a museum.
Use your practice! you may enrich His useful hoards.
In such place, have no fear to have a place for your frauds.

Mentor of appropriated apprentice,
May Charon put you not between Scylla and Charybdis!
Though of course you thrive on cunning and your wit,
What become your life, love and spirit without It?

The road goes forever on, forever on;
We get no younger than what through we have gone.
What lie your repute then, or public money pursed?
For selfish offence by Him forever be cursed.

But you, so beautiful, may die in your sleep.
Rest in peace, be assured God promises keep.
Those whom the gods love may die young.
They live on with us with such praise sung.